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THE
CITY-HEIRESS:
OR,
Sir Timothy Treat-all.
A
COMEDY,
As it is acted
At his Royal Highneſs his THEATRE.

Written by Mrs. *A. Behn.*

LONDON:
Printed for *Richard Wellington*, at the *Lion* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, and ſold by *Randall Taylor*, at the *Harrow*, at the corner of *Chancery-Lane* and *Bernard's Inn*, near *Gray's-Inn*, in St. *Martin's-Lane*, near *Hedge-Lane*. 1682.

ADVERTISEMENT.

There is [illegible] of Plays that have been printed without the Author's Name to the Title-Page, and Mr. Crown, in those Volumes, has [illegible] Plays of Mr. [illegible] Author's Name to the Title-Page, and

ACTORS NAMES.

To the Right Honourable

Henry Earl of *Arundel*, and Lord *Mowbray*.

MY LORD,

'TIs long that I have with great impatience waited some opportunity to declare my infinite Respect to your Lordship, coming, I may say, into the World with a Veneration for your Illustrious Family, and being brought up with continual Praises of the Renowned Actions of your glorious Ancestors, both in War and Peace, so famous over the Christian World for their Vertue, Piety, and Learning, their elevated Birth, and greatness of Courage, and of whom all our English History are full of the Wonders of their Lives: A Family of so ancient Nobility, and from whom so many Heroes have proceeded to bless and serve their King and Country, that all Ages and all Nations mention 'em even with Adoration. My self have been in this our Age an Eye and Ear-witness, with what Transports of Joy, with what unusual Respect and Ceremony, above what we pay to Mankind, the very Name of the Great *Howards* of *Norfolk* and *Arundel*, have been celebrated on Foreign Shores! And when any one of your Illustrious Family have pass'd the Streets, the People throng'd to praise and bless him as soon as his Name has been made known to the glad Croud. This I have seen with a Joy that became a true English heart, (who truly venerate its brave Countrymen) and joyn'd my dutiful Respects and Praises with the most devout; but never had the happiness yet of any opportunity to express particularly that Admiration I have and ever had for your Lordship and your Great Family. Still, I say, I did

ad-

admire you, ſtill I wiſh'd and pray'd for you; 'twas all I cou'd or durſt: but, as my Eſteem for your Lordſhip daily increas'd with my Judgment, ſo nothing cou'd bring it to a more abſolute height and perfection, than to obſerve in theſe troubleſome times, this Age of Lying, Preaching, and Swearing, with what noble Prudence, what ſteadineſs of Mind, what Loyalty and Conduct you have evaded the Snare, that 'twas to be fear'd was laid for all the Good, the Brave, and Loyal, for all that truly lov'd our beſt of Kings and this diſtracted Country. A thouſand times I have wept for fear that Impudence and Malice wou'd extend ſo far as to ſtain your Noble and ever-Loyal Family with its unavoidable Imputations; and as often for joy, to ſee how undauntedly both the Illuſtrious Duke your Father, and your Self, ſtem'd the raging Torrent that threatned, with yours, the ruin of the King and Kingdom; all which had not power to ſhake your Conſtancy or Loyalty: for which, may Heaven and Earth reward and bleſs you; the noble Examples to thouſands of failing hearts, who from ſo great a Preſident of Loyalty, became confirm'd. May Heaven and Earth bleſs you for your pious and reſolute bravery of Mind, and Heroick honeſty, when you cry'd, *Not guilty*; that you durſt, like your great ſelf, ſpeak Conſcientious Truths in a Junto ſo vitious, when Truth and Innocence was criminal: and I doubt not but the Soul of that great Sufferer bows down from Heaven in gratitude for that noble ſervice done it. All theſe and a thouſand marks you give of daily growing Greatneſs; every day produces to thoſe like me, curious to learn the Story of your Life and Actions, ſomething that even adds a Luſtre to your great Name, which one wou'd think cou'd be made no more ſplendid: ſome new Goodneſs, ſome new act of Loyalty or Courage, comes out

to

to cheer the World and those that admire you. Nor would I be the last of those that daily congratulate and celebrate your rising Glory; nor durst I any other way approach you with it, but this humble one, which carries some Excuse along with it.

Proud of the opportunity then, I most humbly beg your Lordships patronage of a Comedy, which has nothing to defend it, but the Honour it begs; and nothing to deserve that Honour, but its being in every part true Tory! Loyal all-over! except one Knave, which I hope no body will take to himself, or if he do, I must e'en say with *Hamlet*,

——*Then let the stricken Deer go weep*——

It has the luck to be well received in the Town; which (not from my Vanity) pleases me, but that thereby I find Honesty begins to come in fashion again, when Loyalty is approv'd, and Whigism becomes a Jest where'er 'tis met with. And, no doubt on't, so long as the Royal Cause has such Patrons as your Lordship, such vigorous and noble Supporters, his Majesty will be great, secure and quiet, the Nation flourishing and happy, and seditious Fools and Knaves that have so long disturb'd the Peace and Tranquility of the World, will become the business and sport of Comedy, and at last the scorn of that Rabble that fondly and blindly worshipt 'em; and whom nothing can so well convince as plain Demonstration, which is ever more powerful and prevalent than Precept, or even Preaching it self. If this have edify'd effectual, 'tis all I wish; and that your Lordship will be pleas'd to accept the humble Offering, is all I beg, and the greatest Glory I care shou'd be done,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most Humble
and most Obedient Servant.

A. BEHN.

THE

PROLOGGE,

Written by Mr. *Otway*.

SPOKEN by Mrs. *BARRY*.

HOW vain have prov'd the Labours of the Stage,
In striving to reclaim a Vitious Age!
Poets may write the Mischief to impeach,
You care as little what the Poets teach,
As you regard at Church what Parsons preach.
But where such Follies and such Vices reign,
What honest Pen has patience to refrain?
At Church, in Pews, ye most devoutly snore,
And here, got dully drunk, ye come to roar;
Ye go to Church to glout, and Ogle there,
And come to meet more lewd convenient here:
With equal Zeal ye honour either place,
And run so very evenly your Rade,
Ye improve in Wit just as you do in Grace.
It must be so, some Dæmon has possest
Our Land, and we have never since been blest.
Ye have seen it all, or heard of its Renown,
In Reverend shape it stalk'd about the Town,
Six Teemen tall attending on its frown.
Sometimes with humble note and zealous lore,
I'mow'd play the Apostolick Function o'er:
But, Heaven have mercy on us when it swore.
Whene'er it swore, to prove the Oaths were true,
Out of its mouth at random Halters flew
Round some unwary unwary neck, by Magick thrown,
Though still the cunning Devil sav'd its own;
For when the Inchantment cou'd no longer last,
The subtle Pug, most dexterously uncast.
Left awful form for one more seeming pious,
And in a moment vary'd to defie us:
From silken Doctor, home-spun Ananias.
Left the lewd Court, and did in City fix,
Where still, by its old Arts it plays new Tricks,
And fills the heads of Fools with Politicks.
This Dæmon lately drawn in many a Guest,
To part with zealous Guinea for —— no Feast.
Who, but the most incorrigible Boys,
For ever doom'd in dismal Cells, call'd Shops,
To cheer and dam themselves to get their Livings,
Wou'd lay sweet Money out in Sham-Thanksgivings?
Sham-Plots you may have fund for o'er and o'er,
But who a're paid for a Sham-Treat before?
And you not better sent your Offerings all,
Either to us, than Sequestrators Hall?
I being your Steward, Justice had been done ye;
I cou'd have entertain'd you worth your Money.

THE

THE CITY-HEIRESS: OR, Sir Timothy Treat-all.

ACT the First.

SCENE the First. *The Street.*

Enter Sir Timothy Treat-all, *follow'd by* Tom Wilding, *Mar.*, *Sir* Charles Meriwill, Poppington, *and Footman with a Cloak.*

Sir Tim. TRouble me no more: for I am resolv'd, deaf and obdurate, d'ye see, and so forth.

Wild. I beseech ye, Uncle, hear me.

Sir Tim. No.

Wild. Dear Uncle—— *Sir Tim.* No.

Wild. You will be mortify'd—— *Sir Tim.* No.

Wild. At least hear me out, Sir.

Sir Tim. No, I have heard you out too often, Sir, till you have talkt me out of many a fair thousand; have had ye out of all the Bayliffs, Serjeants, and Constables clutches about Town, Sir; have brought ye out of all the Surgeons, Apothecaries, and Quacky Doctors hands, that ever pretended to cure incurable Diseases; and have croft ye out of the Books of all the Mercers, Silk-men, Exchange-men, Taylors, Shoe-makers, and Scriveners, with all the rest of the unconfeionable City tribe of the long Bill, that had but Faith enough to trust, and thought me Fool enough to pay.

Sir Chear. But, Sir, consider, he's your own Flesh and Blood.

Sir Tim. That's more than ills swear.

Sir Chear. Your only Heir.

Sir Tim. That's more than you or any of his wise Associates can tell, Sir.

B *Sir*

Sir Char. Why his wife Associates! have you any exception to the Company he keeps? This reflects on me and young *Dreſſwel*, Sir, men both of Birth and Fortune.

Sir Tim. Why, good Sir *Charles Meriwill*, let me tell you, ſince you'll have it out, That you and young *Dreſſwel* are able to debauch, deſtroy, and confound all the young imitating Fops in Town.

Sir Char. How, Sir!

Sir Tim. Nay, never hoff, Sir; for I have ſix thouſand pound a year, and value no man: Neither do I ſpeak ſo much for your particular, as for the Company you keep, ſuch Tarmagant Tories as theſe, [*to* Fop.] who are the very Vermine of a young Heir, and for one tickling, give him a thouſand bites.

Fop. Death! meaning me, Sir?

Sir Tim. Yes, you, Sir. Nay, never ſtare, Sir; I fear you not: no mans hectoring ſignifies this — in the City, but the Conſtables; no body dares be ſawcy here, except it be in the Kings name.

Sir Char. Sir, I confeſs he was to blame.

Sir Tim. Sir *Charles*, thanks to Heaven, you may be lewd, you have a plentiful Eſtate, may whore, drink, game, and play the Devil; your Uncle, Sir *Anthony Meriwill* intends to give you all his Eſtate too: But for ſuch Sparks as this, and my Fop in faſhion here, why with what Face, Conſcience, or Religion, can they be lewd and vitious, keep their Wenches, Coaches, rich Liveries, and ſo forth, who live upon Charity, and the Sins of the Nation?

Sir Char. If he have Youthfull Vices, he has Vertues too.

Sir Tim. Yes, he had; but I know not, you have bewitcht him amongſt ye [*weeping*] Before he fell to Toryiſm, he was a ſober civil Youth, and had ſome Religion in him, wou'd read ye Prayers night and morning with a handſome voice, and cry *Amen* to 'em; 'twou'd have done ones heart good to have heard him: — Wore decent Cloathes; was drunk but upon Saturday nights, and Vvore that on Sundays and Holy-days: and then I had hopes of him. [*Still weeping.*

Wild. Aye, Heaven forgive me.

Sir Char. But, Sir, he's now become a new Man, is calling off all his Women, is drunk not above five or ſix times a week, ſweares not above once in a quarter of an hour, nor has not gam'd this two days——

Sir Tim. 'Twas becauſe the Devil was in's Pocket then.

Sir Char. —Begins to take up at Coffee-houſes, talks bravely in the City, ſpeaks ſcandalouſly of the Government, and rails moſt abominably againſt the Pope and the French King.

Sir Tim. Aye, aye, this ſhall not wheedle me out of one Engliſh Guinea, for I told him yeſterday.

Wild. You did ſo, Sir.

Sir Tim. Yes; by a good token you were witty upon me, and ſwore I lov'd and honour'd the King no where but on his Coin.

Sir Char. Is it poſſible, Sir?

Wild. God forgive me, Sir; I confeſs I was a little extravagant.

Sir Tim. Ay, ſo it ſhou'd ſeem: for he miſtook his own Chamber, and went to bed to my Maids.

Sir Char. How! to bed to your Maids! Save, Sir, the ſcandal on him.

Sir

Sir Tim. No, no, he makes his brags on't, Sir. Oh that crying sin of Boasting! Well fare, I say, the days of old *Oliver*; he by a wholesome Act, made it death to boast; so that then a man might whore his heart out, and no body the wiser.

Sir Char. Right, Sir, and then the men pass'd for sober religious persons, and the women for as demure Saints ——

Sir Tim. Ay, then there was no scandal; but now they do not only boast what they do, but what they do not.

Wild. I'll take care that fault shall be mended, Sir.

Sir. Ay, so will I, if Poverty have any feats of Mortification; and so farewel to you, Sir. [*going.*

Wild. Stay, Sir, are you resolved to be so cruel then, and ruin all my Fortunes now depending?

Sir Tim. Most religiously ——

Wild. You are?

Sir Tim. I am.

Wild. Death, I'll rob.

Sir Tim. Do and be hang'd.

Wild. Nay, I'll turn Papist.

Sir Tim. Do and be damn'd.

Sir Char. Bless me, Sir, what a scandal would that be to the Family of the *Treat-alls*!

Sir Tim. Hum! I had rather indeed he turn'd Turk or Jew, for his own sake; but as for scandalizing me, I defie it: my Integrity has been known ever since Forty One; I bought three thousand a year in Bishops Lands, as 'tis well known, and lost it at the Kings return; for which I'm honour'd by the City. But for his farther satisfaction, consolation, and distruction, know, That I Sir *Timothy Treat-all*, Knight and Alderman, do think my self young enough to marry, d'ye see, and will wipe your Nose with a Son and Heir of my own begetting, and so forth. [*going away.*

Wild. Death! marry!

Sir Char. Patience, dear *Tom*, or thou't spoil all.

Wild. Damn him, I've lost all Patience, and can dissemble no longer, tho' I lose all —— Very good, Sir; heark ye, I hope she's young and handsome; or if she be not amongst the numerous Iusty-stomacht Whigs that daily nose your publick Dinners, some may be found that either for Money, Charity, or Gratitude, may requite your Treats. You keep open house to all the Party, not for Mirth, Generosity or good Nature, but for Roguery. You cram the Brethren, the pious City-Gluttons, with good Cheer, good Wine, and Rebellion in abundance, gormandizing all Comers and Goers, of all Sexes, Sorts, Opinions and Religions, young half-witted Fops, hot-headed Fools, and Malecontents: You guttle and fawn on all, and all in hopes of debauching the Kings Liege-people into Commonwealths-men; and rather than lose a Convert, you'll pimp for him. These are your nightly Debauches. —— Nay, rather than you shall want it, I'll Cuckold you my self in pure Revenge.

Sir Tim. How! Cuckold his own natural Uncle!

Sir Char. Oh, he cannot be so prophane.

Wild. Prophane! why he deni'd but now the having any share in me; and therefore 'tis lawful. I am to live by my wits, you say, and your old rich good-natur'd

Cuckold is as sure a Revenue to a handsome young Cadet, as a thousand pound a year. Your tolerable face and shape is an Estate in the City, and a better Bank than your Six *per Cent.* at any time.

Sir Tim. Well, Sir, since Nature has furnisht you so well, you need but up and ride, show and be rich; and so your Servant, witty Mr. *Wilding.* [*Goes out.*

he looks after him.

Sir Char. Whilst I am labouring another's good, I quite neglect my own. This curst, proud, disdainful Lady *Gallant*, is ever in my head; she's now at Church, I'm sure, not for Devotion, but to shew her Charms, and throw her Darts amongst the gazing Crowd, and grows more vain by Conquest. I'm near the Church, and must step in, tho' it cost me a new Wound. [*Wild. hands pulling.*

Wild. I am resolv'd — Well, dear *Charles*, let's sup together to night, and contrive some way to be reveng'd of this wicked Uncle of mine. I must leave thee now, for I have an Assignation here at Church.

Sir Char. Hah! at Church!

Wild. Ay, *Charles*, with the dearest She-Saint, and I hope, Sinner.

Sir Char. What at Church? Pox, I shall be discover'd now in my Amours. That's an odd place for Love-Intrigues.

Wild. Oh, I am to pass for a sober discreet person to the Relations; but for my Mistress, she's made of no such landish materials; she is a Widow, *Charles*, young, rich, and beautiful.

Sir Char. Hah! if this should prove my Widow now! [*Aside.*

Wild. And though at her own disposal, yet is much govern'd by Honour, and a rigid Mother, who is ever preaching to her against the Vices of Youth, and t'other end of the Town Sparks; dreads nothing so much as her Daughters marrying a villanous Tory: So the young one is forc'd to dissemble Religion, the best Mask to hide a kind Mistress in.

Sir Char. This must be my Lady *Gallant*. [*Aside.*

Wild. There is at present some ill understanding between us, some damn'd Honourable Fop lays siege to her, which has made me ill received; and I having a new Intrigue elsewhere, return her cold disdain, but now and then she crosses my heart too violently to resist her. In one of these hot fits I now am, and must find some occasion to speak to her.

Sir Char. By Heaven, it must be she — I am finding now, amongst all our fine Acquaintance, who this shou'd be.

Wild. Oh, this is of quality to be conceal'd: but she's the loveliest Hypocrite, white as Lilies, smooth as Rushes, and plump as Grapes after showers, haughty her Mein, her Eyes full of disdain, and yet bewitching Sweet; but when she loves, soft, witty, wanton, all that charms a Soul, and but for now and then a fit of Honour! Oh, damn the Nonsense, would be all my own.

Sir Char. 'Tis she, by Heaven! [*aside.*] Methinks this Widow should prove a good income to you, as things now stand between you and your Uncle.

Wild. Ah, *Charles*, but I am otherways disposed of. There is the most charming pretty thing in nature fallen in love with this person of mine, a rich City-Heiress, and I have her in possession.

Sir Char. How can you leave her so soon? I've known you wild, and an extravagant

as Youth and Wealth cou'd render me; but ne'er arriv'd to that degree of Lewdness, to deal my Heart about: my hours I might, but Love should be intire.

Wild. Ah, *Charles*, two such bewitching Faces wou'd give thy Heart the lye: — But Love divides us, and I must into Church. Adieu till night.

Sir Char. And I must follow to resolve my heart in what it dreads to learn. Here, my Cloak, [*Takes his Cloak from his man, and puts it on.*] Hah, Church is done! See, they are coming forth!

Enter People cross the Stage, as from Church; amongst 'em Sir Anthony Meriwill, *follow'd by Sir* Timothy Treat-all.

Hah, my Uncle! He must not see me here. [*Throws his Cloak over his face.*

Sir Tim. What my old Friend and Acquaintance, Sir *Anthony Meriwill*!

Sir Anth. Sir *Timothy Treat-all*!

Sir Tim. Whe, how long have you been in Town, Sir?

Sir Anth. About three days, Sir?

Sir Tim. Three days, and never came to dine with me! 'tis unpardonable! What, you keep close to the Church, I see: You are for the Surplice still, old Orthodox you: the Times cannot mend you, I see.

Sir Anth. No, nor shall they mar me, Sir.

Sir Char. They are dicoursing; I'll pass by. (*Aside. Exit Sir* Char.

Sir Anth. As I take it, you came from Church too.

Sir Tim. Ay, needs must, when the Devil drives. I go to save my Bacon, as they say, once a month, and that too after the Porrage is serv'd up.

Sir Anth. Those that made it, Sir, are wiser than we. For my part, I love good wholsome Doctrine, that teaches Obedience to my King and Superiours, without railing at the Government, and quoting Scripture for Sedition, Mutiny and Rebellion. Why here was a jolly Fellow this morning made a notable Sermon. By *George*, our Country-Vicars are meer Scholars to your Gentlemen Town-Parsons! Hah, how he handled the Text, and run Divisions upon't! 'twou'd make a man sin with moderation, to hear how he claw'd away the Vices of the Town, Whoring, Drinking, and Conventicling, with the rest of the deadly numbers.

Sir Tim. Good lack! an he were so good at Whoring and Drinking, you'd best carry your Nephew, Sir *Charles Meriwill*, to Church; he wants a little Documentizing that way.

Sir Anth. Hum! You keep your old wont still; a man can begin no discourse to you, be it of *Prester John*, but you still conclude with my Nephew.

Sir Tim. Good Lord! Sir *Anthony*, you need not be so purty; what I say, is the Discourse of the whole City, how lavishly you let him live, and give ill Examples to all young Heirs.

Sir Anth. The City! The City's a grumbling, lying, dissatisfi'd City, and no wise or honest man regards what it says. Do you, or any of the City, stand bound to his Scrivener or Taylor? He spends what I allow him, Sir, his own; and you're a Fool or Knave, chuse ye whether, to concern your self.

Sir Tim. Good lack! I speak but what wiser men discourse.

Sir Anth. Wiser men! wiser Coxcombs. What, they wou'd have me train my Nephew up a honest South to keep a Merchants Book, or send him to chop Logick in a University, and have him return an errant learned Ass, to sniper, and [illegible]

more; and ſtare at Oaths and Wenches, whilſt I fell his Woods, and grant Leaſes; and laſtly, to make good what I have ſworn to him, force him to marry Mrs. *Cramp*, the ill-favour'd Daughter of ſome Right Worſhipful. —— A Pox of all ſuch Guardians.

Sir Tim. Do, countenance Sin and Expences, do.

Sir Anth. What ſin, what expences? He wears good Cloathes, why Trades-men get the more by him; he keeps his Coach, 'tis for his eaſe; a Miſtreſs, 'tis for his pleaſure; he games, 'tis for his diverſion: And where's the harm of this? is there ought elſe you can accuſe him with?

Sir Tim. Yes;——a Pox upon him, he's my Rival too. (*Aſide.*) Why then I'll tell you, Sir, he loves a Lady.

Sir Anth. If that be a Sin, Heaven help the Wicked!

Sir Tim. But I mean honourably——

Sir Anth. Honourably! Why do you know any Infirmity in him, why he ſhou'd not marry? (*Angrily.*

Sir Tim. Not I, Sir!

Sir Anth. Not you, Sir? why then you're an Aſs, Sir.—— But is this Lady young and handſome?

Sir Tim. Ay, and rich too, Sir.

Sir Anth. No matter for Money, ſo he love the Boy.

Sir Tim. Love him! no, Sir, he neither does, nor ſhall love him.

Sir Anth. How, Sir, nor ſhall love him! By *George* but he ſhall, and lie with him too, if I pleaſe, Sir.

Sir Tim. How, Sir! lie with a rich City-widow, and a Lady, and to be married to one Reverend old Gentleman within a day or two?

Sir Anth. His name, Sir, his name; I'll diſpatch him preſently. (*Offers to draw.*

Sir Tim. How, Sir, diſpatch him!——Your ſervant, Sir. (*Offers to go.*

Sir Anth. Hold, Sir! by this abrupt departure, I fancy you the Boy's Rival: Come, draw. (*Draws.*

Sir Tim. How, draw, Sir!

Sir Anth. Ay, draw, Sir: Not my Nephew have the Widow!

Sir Tim. With all my ſoul, Sir, I love and honour your Nephew. This Rival! no, Sir, I'm not ſo fond of Cuckoldom. Pray, Sir, let me ſee you and Sir *Charles* at my houſe, I may ſerve him in this buſineſs: and ſo I take my leave, Sir—— Draw quoth a! a Pox upon him for an old Tory-rory. (*Aſide.* (*Exit.*

Enter at front Church, Lady Galliard, Cloſet, *and Footman: Wilding paſſes carelеſly by her, Sir* Charles Meriwill *following, wraps up in his Cloak.*

Sir Anth. Who's here? *Charles* muffled in a Cloak, peering after a woman!——My own Boy to a hair. She's handſome too. I'll ſtep aſide: for I muſt ſee the meaning on't. [*Goes aſide.*

L. Gal. Bleſs me! how uncern'd he paſs'd!

Cloſ. He bow'd low, Madam.

L. Gal. But 'twas in ſuch a faſhion, as expreſt indifference, much worſe than *Scorn from Wilding*.

Cloſ. Your Ladyſhip has us'd him ill of late; yet if your Ladyſhip pleaſe, I'll call him back.

L. Gal.

L. *Gall.* I'll die firſt —— Hah, he's going! —— Yet now I think on't, I have a Toy of his, which to expreſs my ſcorn, I'll give him back now: ——— this Ring.

Cloſ. Shall I carry it, Madam?

L. Gall. You'll not expreſs diſdain enough in the delivery; and you may call him back. [Cloſ. *goes to* Wild.

Sir Char. By Heaven, ſhe's fond of him. (*Aſide.*

Wild. Oh, Mrs. *Cloſet!* is it you? —— Madam, your Servant: By this diſdain, I fear your Woman, Madam, has miſtaken her Man. Wou'd your Ladyſhip ſpeak with me?

L. *Gall.* Yes. —— But what? the God of Love inſtruct me. [*Aſide.*

Wild. Command me quickly, Madam: for I have buſineſs.

L. *Gall.* Nay, then I cannot be diſcreet in Love. (*Aſide.*

——— Your buſineſs once was Love, nor had no idle hours
To throw away on any thought.
You lov'd, as if you'd had no other Faculties,
As if you'd meant to gain eternal Bliſs
But that Devotion only: And ſee how now you're chang'd.

Wild. Not I, by Heaven; 'tis you are only chang'd.
I thought you'd love me too, curſe on the dull miſtake;
But when I beg'd to reap the mighty Joy
That mutual Love affords,
You turn'd me off for Honour,
That nothing fram'd by ſome old ſullen Maid,
That wanted Charms to kindle flames when young.

Sir Anth. By *George* he's i'th' right. (*Aſide.*

Sir Char. Death! can ſhe bear this Language? (*Aſide.*

L. *Gall.* How dare you name this to me any more?
Have you forgot my Fortune, and my Birth?
My Quality, and Fame?

Wild. No, by Heaven, all theſe increaſe my Flame.

L. *Gall.* Perhaps they might, but yet I wonder where
You got the boldneſs to approach me with it.

Wild. Faith, Madam, from your own encouragement.

L. *Gall.* From mine! Heavens, what contempt is this!

Wild. When firſt I paid my Vows, (good Heaven forgive me)
They were for Honour all;
But wiſer you, thanks to your Mothers care too,
Knowing my Fortune an uncertain hope,
My Life of ſcandal, and my lewd Opinion,
Forbid my Wiſh that way: 'Twas kindly urg'd;
You cou'd not then forbid my Paſſion too,
Nor did I ever from your Lips or Eyes,
Receive the cruel ſentence of my Death.

Sir Tim. Gad, a fine fellow this!

L. *Gall.* To ſave my life, I would not marry thee.

Wild. That's kindly ſaid;

Be

But to save mine, thou't do a kinder thing;
——I know thou wo't.

L. *Gall.* What, yield my Honour up!
And after find it sacrific'd anew,
And made the scorn of a triumphing Wife!

Sir Anth. Gad, she's i'th' right too; a noble Girl I'll warrant her.

L. *Gall.* But you disdain to satisfie those fears;
And like a proud and haughty Conqueror,
Demand the Town, without the least Conditions.

Sir Char. By Heaven, she yields apace. (*Aside.*

Sir Anth. Pox on't, wou'd I had ne'er seen her; now I have a Legend of small *Cupids* at Hot-cockles in my heart.

Wild. Now I am pausing on that word Conditions.
Thou sayst thou wou'd not have me marry thee;
That is, as if I lov'd thee for thy Eyes,
And put 'em out to hate thee.
Or like our Stage-smitten Youth, who fall in Love with a woman for Acting finely, and by taking her off the Stage, deprive her of the only Charm she had,
Then leave her to Ill Luck.

Sir Anth. Gad, he's i'th' right again too! a rare Fellow!

Wild. For, Widow, know, hadst thou more Beauty, yet not all of 'em were half so great a Charm as thy not being mine.

Sir Anth. Hum! How will he make that out now?

Wild. The stealths of Love, the Midnight kind admittance,
The gloomy Bed, the soft breath'd murmuring passion;
Ah, who can guess at Joys thus snatcht by parcels!
The difficulty makes us always wishing,
Whilst on thy part, fear makes still some resistance;
And every Blessing seems a kind of Rape.

Sir Anth. H'as don't! —— A Divine Fellow this, just of my Religion. I am studying now whether I was never acquainted with his Mother.

L. Gall. *walks away,* Wild. *follows.*

L. *Gall.* Tempt me no more! what dull unwary Flame
Possest me all this while! Confusion on thee, (*In Rage.*
And all the Charms that dwell upon thy Tongue.
Diseases ruin that bewitching form,
That with the soft feign'd vows debaucht my Heart.

Sir Char. Heavens! can I yet endure! (*Aside.*

L. *Gall.* By all that's good, I'll marry instantly;
Marry, and save my last stake, Honour, yet,
Or thou wilt rook me out of all at last.

Wild. Marry! thou canst not do a better thing:
There are a thousand Matrimonial Pops,
Fine Fools of Fortune,
Good-natur'd Blockheads too, and that's a wonder.

L. *Gall.* That will be manag'd by a man of Wit.

Wild. Right.

L. *Gall.* I have an eye upon a Friend of yours.

Wild. A Friend of mine! then he muſt be my Cuckold.

Sir Char. Very fine! can I endure yet more? (*Aſide.*

L. *Gall.* Perhaps it is your Uncle.

Wild. Hah, my Uncle! [*Sir* Charles *makes up to 'em.*

Sir Anth. Hah, my *Charles*! why well ſaid *Charles*, he bore up briskly to her.

Sir Char. Ah, Madam, may I preſume to tell you ——

Sir Anth. Ah, Pox, that was ſtark naught! he begins like a Fore-man o'th' Shop, to his Maſters Daughter.

Wild. How, *Charles Meriwill* acquainted with my Widow!

Sir Anth. Why do you wear that ſcorn upon your Face?
I've nought but honeſt meaning in my Paſſion?
Whilſt him you favour, ſo prophanes your Beauties,
In ſcorn of Marriage and Religious Rites,
Attempts the ruin of your ſacred Honour.

L. *Gall.* Hah, *Wilding* boaſt my love! (*Aſide.*

Sir Anth. The Devil take him, my Nephew's quite ſpoil'd!
Why, what a Pox has he to do with Honour now?

L. *Gall.* Pray leave me, Sir.

Wild. Damn it, ſince he knows all, I'll boldly own my flame ——
You take a liberty I never gave you, Sir.

Sir Char. How, this from thee! nay, then I muſt take more,
And ask you where you borrow'd that Brutality,
T' approach that Lady with your ſawcy Paſſion.

Sir Anth. Gad, well done *Charles*! here muſt be ſport anon.

Wild. I will not anſwer every idle Queſtion.

Sir Char. Death, you dare not.

Wild. How, dare not!

Sir Char. No, dare not: for if you did ——

Wild. What durſt you, if I did?

Sir Char. Death, cut your Throat, Sir. [*Taking hold on him roughly.*

Sir Anth. Hold, hold, let him have fair play, and then curſe him that parts ye.
(*Taking 'em aſunder, they draw.*

L. *Gall.* Hold, I command ye, hold!

Sir Char. There reſt my Sword to all Eternity. (*Lays his Sword at her feet*

L. *Gall.* Now I conjure ye both, by all your Honour,
If you were e'er acquainted with that Vertue,
To ſee my face no more,
Who durſt diſpute your intereſt in me thus,
As for a common Miſtreſs, in your Drink.

She goes out, and all but Wild. *Sir* Anth. *and Sir* Char. *who ſtands ſadly looking after her.*

Sir Anth. A heavenly Girl! —— Well, now ſhe's gone, by *George*, I am for diſputing your Title to her by dint of Sword.

Sir Char. I wo'not fight.

Wild. Another time we will decide it, Sir. (*Wild. goes out.*

Sir Anth. After your whining Prologue, Sir, who the Devil would have expected such a Farce?——Come, *Charles*, take up thy Sword, *Charles*;——and, d'ye hear, forget me this Woman.——

Sir Char. Forget her, Sir! there never was a thing so excellent!

Sir Anth. You lie, Sirrah, you lie, there's a thousand
As fair, as young, and kinder, by this day.
We'll into th' Country, *Charles*, where every Grove
Affords us Rustick beauties,
That know no Pride nor Painting,
And that will take it and be thankful, *Charles*;
Fine wholsome Girls that fall like ruddy Fruit,
Fit for the gathering, *Charles*.

Sir Char. Oh, Sir, I cannot relish the coarse Fare.
But what's all this, Sir, to my present Passion?

Sir Anth. Passion, Sir! you shall have no Passion, Sir.

Sir Char. No Passion, Sir! shall I have life and breath?

Sir Anth. It may be not, Sirrah, if it be my will and pleasure.
——Why how now! sawcy Boys be their own Carvers?

Sir Char. Sir, I am all Obedience. (*Bowing and sighing.*

Sir Anth. Obedience! Was ever such a Blockhead! why then if I command it, you will not love this Woman?

Sir Char. No, Sir?

Sir Anth. No, Sir! But I say, Yes, Sir, love her me; and love her me like a Man too, or I'll renounce ye, Sir.

Sir Char. I've try'd all ways to win upon her heart,
Presented, writ, watcht, fought, pray'd, kneel'd, and wept.

Sir Anth. Why there's it now; I thought so: kneel'd and wept! a Pox upon thee——I took thee for a prettier fellow——
You shou'd a hufft and blufter'd at her door;
Been very impudent and sawcy, Sir!
Lewd, ruffling, mad; courted at all hours and seasons;
Let her not rest, nor eat, nor sleep, nor visit.
Believe me, *Charles*, women love importunity.
Watch her close, watch her like a Witch, Boy,
Till she confess the Devil in her,——Love.

Sir Char. I cannot, Sir.
Her Eyes strike such awe into my Soul——

Sir Anth. Strike such a Fiddle-stick.—Sirrah, I say, do't; what, you can towse a Wench as handsomely—You can be lewd enough upon occasion. I know not the Lady, nor her Fortune; but I'm resolv'd thou shalt have her, with practising a little Courtship of my mode.——Come——
Come, my Boy *Charles*, since you must needs be doing,
I'll shew thee how to go a Widow-wooing.

ACT

ACT the Second.

SCENE the First. *A Room.*

Enter Charlot, Fopington, *and* Clacket.

Charl. ENough, I've heard enough of *Wilding*'s Vices, to know I am undone. (*weeps*) —— *Galliard* his Mistress too? I never saw her, but I have heard her fam'd for Beauty, Wit, and Fortune. That Rival may be dangerous.

Fop. Yes, Madam, the fair, the young, the witty Lady *Galliard*, even in the height of all his love to you; nay, even whilst his Uncle courts her for a Wife, he designs himself for a Gallant.

Charl. Wonderous Inconstancy and Impudence!

Mrs. *Clack.* Nay, Madam, you may rely upon Mr. *Fopington*'s Information: therefore if you respect your Reputation retreat in time.

Charl. Reputation! that I forfeited when I ran away with your Friend Mr. *Wilding*.

Mrs. *Clack.* Ah, that ever I shou'd live to see (*weeps*) the sole Daughter and Heir of Sir *Nicholas Gettall*, run away with one of the lewdest Heathens about Town!

Charl. How, your Friend Mr. *Wilding* a Heathen; and with you too Mrs. *Clacket*! That Friend Mr. *Wilding*, who thought none so worthy as Mrs. *Clacket*, to trust with so great a secret as his flight with me; he a Heathen!

Mrs. *Clack.* Ay, and a poor Heathen too, Madam. 'Slife, if you must marry a man to buy him Breeches, marry an honest man, a religious man, a man that bears a Conscience, and will do a woman some Reason — Why here's Mr. *Fopington*, Madam, here's a Shape, here's a Face, a Back as straight as an Arrow, I'll warrant.

Charl. How! buy him Breeches! Has *Wilding* then no Fortune?

Fop. Yes, Faith, Madam, pretty well; so, so, as the Dice run: and now and then he lights upon a 'Squire, or so, and between fair and foul play, he makes a shift to pick a pretty Livelihood up.

Charl. How! does his Uncle allow him no present Maintenance?

Fop. No, nor future hopes neither: Therefore, Madam, I hope you will see the difference between him and a man of Parts, that adores you. (*Smiling and bowing.*

Charl. If I find all this true you tell me, I shall know how to value my self and those that love me.

—— This may be yet a Rascal.

Enter Maid

Maid. Mistress, Mr. *Wilding*'s below. (*Exit.*

Fop. Below! Oh, Heavens, Madam, do not expose me to his lewd fury, for being too zealous in your Service. (*In great disorder.*

Charl. I will not let him know you told any thing, Sir.

Fop. Death! to be ſeen here, would expoſe my Life. (*To* Clacket.

Mrs. *Clack.* Here, here, ſtep out upon the Stair-caſe, and ſlip into my Chamber. [*Going out, returns in fright.*

Fop. 'Owns, he's here! lock the door faſt; let him not enter.

Mrs. *Clack.* Oh, Heavens, I have not the Key! hold it, hold it faſt, ſweet, ſweet Mr. *Foping.* Oh, ſhould there be murder done, what a ſcandal wou'd that be to the houſe of a true Proteſtant! (*Knocks.*

Charl. Heavens! what will he ſay and think, to ſee me ſhut in with a man?

Mrs. *Clack.* Oh, I'll ſay you're ſick, aſleep, or out of humour.

Charl. I'd give the World to ſee him. (*Knocks.*

Wild. (Without) *Charlot, Charlot!* Am I deny'd an entrance? By Heaven, I'll break the door. (*Knocks again*; Fop. *ſtill holding it.*

Fop. Oh, I'm a dead man, dear *Clacket!* (*Knocking ſtill.*

Mrs. *Clack.* Oh, hold, Sir, Mrs *Charlot* is very ſick.

Wild. How, ſick, and I kept from her!

Mrs. *Clack.* She begs you'll come again an hour hence.

Wild. Delay'd, by Heaven I will have entrance.

Fop. Ruin'd! undone! for if he do not kill me, he may ſtarve me.

Mrs. *Clack.* Oh, he will break in upon us! Hold, Sir, hold a little; Mrs. *Charlot* is juſt--juſt--ſhifting her ſelf, Sir: you will not be ſo uncivil as to preſs in, I hope, at ſuch a time.

Charl. I have a fine time on't between ye, to have him think I am ſtripping my ſelf before Mr. *Foppington.*—— Let go, or I'll call out and tell him all.

Wild. *breaks open the door and ruſhes in:* Fop. *ſtands cloſe up at the entrance till he is paſt him, then venturing to ſlip out, finds* Wild. *has made faſt the door; ſo he is forc'd to return again and ſtand cloſe up behind* Wild. *with ſigns of fear.*

Wild. How now, *Charlot*, what means this new unkindneſs? What, not a word?

Charl. There is ſo little Muſick in my voice, you do not care to hear it; you have been better entertain'd, I find, mightily employ'd, no doubt.

Wild. Yes Faith, and ſo I have, *Charlot*: Damn'd Buſineſs, that Enemy to Love, has made me rude.

Charl. Or that other Enemy to Love, damn'd Wenching.

Wild. Wenching! how ill haſt thou tim'd thy Jealouſie! What Banker, that to morrow is to pay a mighty ſum, wou'd venture out his ſtock to day in little parcels, and loſe his Credit by it?

Charl. You wou'd perfidious as you are, though all your Fortune, all your future Health, depended on that Credit. (*Angry.*

Wild. So: Hark ye, Mrs. *Clacket*, you have been prating I find in my abſence, giving me a handſome character to *Charlot*——You hate any good thing ſhou'd go by your own Noſe. (*Aſide to* Clacket.

Mrs. *Clack.* By my Noſe, Mr. *Wilding!* I defie you: I'd have you to know, I ſcorn any good thing ſhou'd go by my Noſe in an uncivil way.

Wild. I believe ſo.

Mrs. *Clack.* Have I been the Confident to all your ſecrets this three years, in ſickneſs and in health, for richer, for poorer, concealed the nature of your wicked Diſeaſes, under the honeſt name of Surfeits: call'd your filthy Surgeons, Mr. Doctor,

to

to keep up your Reputation; civily receiv'd your t'other-end-of-the Town young Relations at all hours———

Wild. High!

Mrs. *Clack.* Been up with you, and down with you early and late, by night and by day; let you in at all hours, drunk and sober, single and double; and civily withdrawn, and modestly shut the door after me?

Wild. Whir! the storm's up, and the Devil cannot lay it.

Mrs. *Clack.* And I am thus rewarded for my pain! (*Weeps.*

Wild. So Tempests are allay'd by showers of Rain.

Mrs. *Clack.* That I shou'd be charg'd with speaking ill of you, so honest, so civil a Gentleman ——— ———

Charl. No, I have better witness of your falshood.

Fop. Hah, 'sdeath, she'll name me!

Wild. What mean you, my *Charlot*?
Do you not think I love you?

Charl. Go ask my Lady *Galliard*, she keeps the best account of all your Sighs and Vows,
And robs me of my dearest softer hours. (*Kindly to him.*

Mrs. *Clack.* You cannot hold from being kind to him. (*Aside.*

Wild. Galliard! How came she by that secret of my life? (*aside.*) Why ay, 'tis true, I am there sometimes about an Arbitration, about a Suit in Law, about my Uncle.

Charl. Ay, that Uncle too———
You swore to me you were your Uncles Heir;
But you perhaps may chance to get him one,
If the Lady prove not cruel.

Wild. Death and the Devil, what Rascal has been prating to her! (*Aside.*

Charl. Whilst I am reserv'd for a dead lift, if Fortune prove unkind, or wicked Uncles refractory,
Yet I cou'd love you, though you were a slave, (*In a soft tone to him.*
And I were Queen of all the Universe.

Mrs. *Clack.* Ay, there you spoil'd all again———you forgot your self.

Charl. And all the world, when he looks kindly on me.
But I'll take courage, and be very angry. (*Aside.*
Nor does your Perjuries rest here; you're equally as false to *Galliard*, as to me; false for a little Mistress of the Town, whom you've set up in spight to Quality. (*Angry*

Mrs. *Clack.* So, that were home and handsome.

Wild. What damn'd Informer does she keep in Pension?

Charl. And can you think my Fortune and my Youth
Merits no better Treatment? (*Angry.*
How cou'd you have the heart to use me so? (*Soft to him.*
I fall insensibly to Love and Fondness. (*Aside.*

Wild. Ah, my dear *Charlot!* you who know my heart, can you believe me false?

Charl. In every Syllable, in every Look:
Your Vows, your Sighs, and Eyes, all counterfeit;
You said you lov'd me, where was then your truth?

You

You swore you were to be your Uncle's Heir:
Where was your confidence of me the while,
To think my Generosity so scanted,
To love you for your Fortune?
——— How every look betrays my yielding heart! (*Aside.*
No, since men are grown so cunning in their
Trade of Love, the necessary Vice I'll practice too,
And chaffer with Love-Merchants for my Heart.
Make it appear you are your Uncles Heir,
I'll marry ye to morrow.
Of all thy Cheats, that was the most unkind,
Because you thought to conquer by that Lye.
——— To night I'll be resolv'd.

Wild. Hum! to night!

Charl. To night, or I will think you love me for my Fortune; which if you find elsewhere to more advantage,
I may unpitied die — and I should die
If you should prove untrue. (*Tenderly to him.*

Mrs. *Clack.* There you've dasht all again.

Wild. I'm resolv'd to keep my credit with her; —— Here's my hand:
This night, *Charlot*, I'll let you see the Writings.
——— But how, a Pox of him that knows for *Thomas.* [*Aside.*

Charl. Hah, that Hand without the Ring!
Nay, never study for a handsome Lye.

Wild. Ring! Oh, ay, I left it in my Dressing-room this morning.

Charl. See how thou hast inur'd thy Tongue to falshood!
Did you not send it to a certain Creature
They call *Diana*,
From off that hand that plighted Faith to me?

Wild. By Heaven 'tis Witchcraft all,
Unless this Villain *Fopington* betray me.
Those sort of Rascals will do any thing
For ready Meat and Wine—I'll kill the Fool ——hah, here!

Fop. Here, Lord! Lord! [*Turns quick and sees him behind him.*
Where were thy Eyes, dear *Wilding*?

Wild. Where they have spy'd a Rascal.
Where was this property conceal'd?

Fop. Conceal'd! What dost thou mean, dear *Tom*? Why I stood as plain as the Nose on thy face mun.

Wild. But 'tis the ungratefull quality of all your sort, to make such base returns.
How got this Rogue admittance, and when in,
The Impudence to tell his Treacherous Lyes?

Fop. Admittance! Why thou'rt stark mad: Did not I come in with you, that is, follow'd you?

Wild. Whither?

Fop. Why into the house, up stairs, stood behind you when you swore you won'd come in, and follow'd you in,

Wild.

Wild. All this, and I not ſee!

Fop. Oh, Love's blind; but this Lady ſaw me, Mrs. *Clacket* ſaw me.——Admittance quotha!

Wild. Why did you not ſpeak?

Fop. Speak? I was ſo amaz'd at what I heard, the villanous ſcandals laid on you by ſome pick-thank Rogue or other, I had no power.

Wild. Ay, thou knowſt how I am wrong'd.

Fop. Oh, moſt damnably, Sir!

Wild. Abuſe me to my Miſtreſs too!

Fop. Oh, Villains! Dogs!

Charl. Do you think they've wrong'd him, Sir? for I'll believe you.

Fop. Do I think, Madam? Ay, I think him a Son of a Whore that ſaid it; and I'll cut's Throat.

Mrs. *Clack.* Well, this Impudence in a heavenly Vertue!

Wild. You ſee now, Madam, how Innocence may ſuffer.

Charl. In ſpight of all thy villanous diſſembling,
I muſt believe, and love thee for my quiet.

Wild. That's kind; and if before to morrow I do not ſhew you I deſerve your Heart, kill me at once by quitting me—Farewel.— [*goes out with* Fop.] I know both my Uncle's Will and other Writings lie, by which he made me Heir to his whole Eſtate.

My craft will be in catching; which if paſt,
Her Love ſecures me the kind Wench at laſt. (*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Clack.* What if he ſhou'd not chance to keep his word now?

Charl. How if he ſhou'd not? by all that's good, if he ſhou'd not, I am reſolv'd to marry him however. We two may make a pretty ſhift with three thouſand pound a year; yet I wou'd fain be reſolv'd how affairs ſtand between the old Gentleman and him. I wou'd give the world to ſee that Widow too, that Lady *Galliard.*

Mrs. *Clack.* If you're bent upon't, I'll tell you what we'll do, Madam: There's every day mighty Feaſting here at his Uncles hard-by, and you ſhall diſguiſe your ſelf as well as you can, and ſo go for a Neice of mine I have coming out of *Scotland*: there you will not fail of ſeeing my Lady *Galliard*, though I doubt, not Mr. *Wilding*, who is of late diſcarded.

Charl. Enough; I am reſolv'd upon this deſign: Let's in and practice the Northern Dialect. (*Exit both.*

SCENE the Second. *The Street.*

Enter Wilding *and* Fopington.

Wild. But then *Diana* took the Ring at laſt?

Fop. Greedily; but rail'd, and ſwore, and ranted at your late unkindneſs, and wou'd not be appeas'd.

Enter

Enter Dreſſwell.

Wild. Dreſſwell, I was juſt going to ſee for thee.

Dreſſ. I'm glad, dear *Tom*, I'm here to ſerve thee.

Wild. And now I've found thee, thou muſt along with me.

Dreſſ. Whither? But I'll not ask, but obey.

Wild. To a kind ſinner, *Frank*.

Dreſſ. Pox on 'em all: prithee turn but thoſe petty Tyrants of thy Heart, and fit it for a Monarch, Love, dear *Wilding*, of which thou never knewſt the pleaſure yet, or not above a day.

Wild. Not knew the pleaſure! Death, the very Eſſence, the firſt draughts of Love. Ah, how pleaſant 'tis to drink when a mans adry! The reſt is all but dully ſipping on.

Dreſſ. And yet this *Diana*, for thither thou art going, thou haſt been conſtant to this three or four years.

Wild. A conſtant Keeper thou meanſt; which is indeed enough to get the ſcandal of a Coxcomb: But I know not, thoſe ſort of Baggages have a kind of Faſcination ſo inticing — and faith, after the Fatigues of Formal Viſits to a Mans dull Relations, or what's as bad, to women of Quality; after the buſie Afflictions of the day, and the Debauches of the tedious Night, I tell thee, *Frank*, a man's beſt Retirement is with a ſoft kind Wench. But to ſay truth, I have a farther deſign in my Viſit now. Thou knowſt how I ſtand paſt hope of Grace, excommunicated the Kindneſs of my Uncle.

Dreſſ. True.

Wild. My lewd Debauches, and being o'th' wrong Party, as he calls it, is now become an irreconcilable Quarrel: ſo that I having many and hopefull Intrigues now depending, eſpecially theſe of my charming Widow, and my City-Heireſs, which can by no means be carri'd on without that damn'd Neceſſary call'd Ready Money. I have ſtretcht my Credit, as all young Heirs do, till 'tis quite broke. New Liveries, Coaches, and Cloathes muſt be had, they muſt, my Friend.

Dreſſ. Why doſt thou not in this Extremity clap up a Match with my Lady *Gallard*? or this young Heireſs you ſpeak of?

Wild. But Marriage, *Frank*, is ſuch a Bug-bear! And this old Uncle of mine may one day be gathered together, and ſleep with his Fathers, and then I ſhall have ſix thouſand pound a year, and the wide world before me; and who the Devil cou'd reliſh theſe bleſſings with the clog of a Wife behind him? — But till then, Money muſt be had, I ſay.

Fop. Ay, but how, Sir?

Wild. Why, from the old Fountain, *Jack*, my Uncle; he has himſelf decreed it: he tells me I muſt live upon my Wits, and will, *Frank*.

Fop. Gad, I'm impatient to know how.

Wild. I believe thee, for thou art out at Elbows: and when I thrive, you ſhow i'th' Pit, behind the Scenes, and Coffee-houſes. Thy Breeches give a better account of my Fortune, than *Lilly* with all his Schemes and Stars.

Fop. I own, I thrive by your influence, Sir.

Dreſſ. Well; but to your Project, Friend: to which I'll ſet a helping Hand, a Heart, a Sword, and Fortune.

Wild.

Wild. You make good what my Soul conceives of you. Let's to *Diana* then, and there I'll tell thee all. *Going out, they meet* Diana, *who enters with her Maid* Betty, *and Boy; looks angrily.*

——*Diana*, I was just going to thy Lodgings!

Dian. Oh Ias, you are too much taken up with your rich City-Heiress.

Wild. That's no cause of quarrel between you and I, *Diana*: you were wont to be as impatient for my marrying, as I for the death of my Uncle: for your rich Wife ever obliges her Husbands Mistress; and women of your sort, *Diana*, ever thrive better by Adultery than Fornication.

Dian. Do, try to appease the easie Fool with these fine Expectations:—No, I have been too often flatter'd with the hopes of your marrying a rich Wife, and then I was to have a Settlement; but instead of that, things go backward with me, my Coach is vanish'd, my Servants dwindled into one necessary Woman and a Boy, which to save Charges, is too small for any service; my twenty Guinea's a weak, into forty Shillings: a hopeful Reformation!

Wild. Patience, *Diana*, things will mend in time.

Dian. When, I wonder? Summer's come, yet I am still in my embroider'd Manto, when I'm dress't, lin'd with Velvet; 'twou'd give one a Fevor but to look at me: yet still I am flamm'd off with hopes of a rich Wife, whose fortune I am to lavish. —— But I see you have neither Conscience nor Religion in you; I wonder what a Devil will become of your Soul for thus deluding me! *(Weeps.*

Wild. By Heaven, I love thee!

Dian. Love me! what if you do? how far will that go at the Exchange for Point? Will the Mercer take it for current Coin?---But 'tis no matter, I must love a Wit, with a Pox, when I might have had so many Fools of Fortune: But the Devil take me, if you deceive me any longer. *[Weeping.*

Wild. You'll keep your word, no doubt, now you have sworn.

Dian. So I will. ——I never go abroad, but I gain new Conquest. Happy's the man that can approach nearest the side-box where I sit at a Play, to look at me; but if I daign to smile on him, Lord, how the o'erjoy'd Creature returns it with a bow low as the very Benches! Then riling, shakes his Ears, looks round with Pride, to see who took notice how much he was in favour with charming Mrs. *Dy.*

Wild. No more: Come, let's be Friends, *Diana*; for you and I must manage an Uncle of mine.

Dian. Damn your Projects, I'll have none of 'em.

Wild. Here, here's the best softner of a womans heart; 'tis Gold, two hundred Pieces: Go, lay it on, till you shame Quality, into plain Silk and Fringe.

Dian. Lord you have the strangest power of perswasion!—Nay, if you buy my Peace, I can afford a penyworth.

Wild. So thou canst of any thing about thee.

Dian. Well, your Project, my dear *Tommy*?

Wild. Thus then.—Thou, dear *Frank*, shalt to my Uncle, tell him that Sir *Nicholas Gettall*, as he knows, being dead, and having left, as he knows too, one only Daughter his whole Executrix, Mrs. *Charlot*, I have by my civil and modest behaviour, so won upon her heart, that two nights since she left her Fathers Country-house at *Lesum* in *Kent*, in spight of all her strict Guards, and run away with me.

Dreff. How, wilt thou tell him of it then?

Wild. Hear me —That I have hitherto secur'd her at a Friends house here in the City; but diligent search being now made, dare trust her there no longer. And make it my humble Request by you, my Friend, (who are only privy to this secret) that he wou'd give me leave to bring her home to his house; whose very Authority will defend her from being sought for there.

Dreff. Ay, Sir, but what will come of this, I say?

Wild. Why a Settlement: You know he has already made me Heir to all he has, after his decease; but for being a wicked Tory, as he calls me, he has after the Writings were made, sign'd, and seal'd, refus'd to give 'em in trust. Now when he sees I have made my self Master of so vast a Fortune, he will immediately surrender; that reconciles all again.

Dreff. Very likely; but wo't thou trust him with the Woman, *Thomas.*

Wild. No; here's *Diana*, who as I shall bedizen, shall pass for as substantial an Aldermans Heiress, as ever fell into wicked hands. He never knew the right *Charlot*, nor indeed has any body ever seen her but an old Aunt and Nurse, she was so kept up —— And there, *Diana*, thou shalt have a good opportunity to lye, dissemble, and gilt in abundance too keep thy hand inure.
Prithee, dear *Dreffwel*, hast with the news to him.

Dreff. Faith, I like this well enough; this Project may take, and I'll about it.
(*Goes out.*

Wild. Go, get ye home, and trick and betawder your self up like a right City-Lady, rich, but ill-fashion'd; on with all your Jewels, but not a Patch, ye Giplie, nor no Spanish Paint, d'ye hear.

Dian. I'll warrant you for my part.

Wild. Then before the old Gentleman, you must behave your self very soberly, simple, and demure, and look as prew as at a Conventicle; and take heed you drink not off your Glass at Table, nor rant, nor swear; one Oath confounds our Plot, and betrays thee to be an errant Drab.

Dian. Doubt not my Art of Dissimulation.

Wild. Go, haste and dress —— [*Exit* Dian. Bet. *and* Boy.

Enter Lady Gall. *and* Closet, *above in the Balcony*; Wild. *going out, sees them, stops, and reads a Paper.*

Wild. Hah, who's yonder, the Widow! a Pox upon't, now have I not power to stir: she has a damn'd hank upon my heart, and nothing but right down lying with her, will dissolve the Charm. She has forbid me seeing her, and therefore I am sure will the sooner take notice of me. (*Reads.*

Clos. What will you put on too night, Madam? you know you are to Sup at Sir *Timothy Treat-all*'s.

L. *Gall.* Time enough for that; prithee let's take a turn in this Balconey, this City-garden, where we walk to take the fresh Air of the Sea-coal-smoak. Did the Footman go back, as I order'd him, to see how *Wilding* and *Sir Charles* parted?

Clos. He did, Madam; and nothing cou'd provoke Sir *Charles* to fight after your Ladyships strict Commands. Well, I'll swear he's the sweetest natur'd Gentleman — has all the advantages of Nature and Fortune: I wonder what Exception your Ladyship has to him!

L. *Gall.*

L. *Gall.* Some ſmall Exception to his whining humour; but I think my chiefeſt diſlike is, becauſe my Relations wiſh it a Match between us.
It is not hate to him, but natural contradiction. Hah, is not that *Wilding* yonder? he's reading of a Letter ſure.

Wild. So, ſhe ſees me. Now for an Art to make her lure me up: for though I have a greater mind than ſhe, it ſhall be all her own; the Match ſhe told me of this morning with my Uncle, ſticks plaguily upon my ſtomach; I muſt break the neck on't, or break the Widows heart, that's certain. If I advance towards the door now, ſhe frowningly retires; if I paſs on, 'tis likely ſhe may call me. (*Advances.*

L. *Gall.* I think he's paſſing on,
Without ſo much as looking towards the window.

Cloſ. He's glad of the excuſe of being forbidden.

L. *Gall.* But, *Cloſet*, knowſt thou not he has abus'd my fame,
And does he think to paſs thus unupbraided?
Is there no Art to make him look this way?
No trick? —Prithee faign to laugh. (Cloſ. *laughs.*

Wild. So, I ſhall not anſwer to that Call.

L. *Gall.* He's going! Ah, *Cloſet*, my Fan!—(*Lets fall her Fan juſt as he paſſes by; he takes it up, and looks up.*) Cry mercy, Sir, I'm ſorry I muſt trouble you to bring it.

Wild. Faith, ſo am I; and you may ſpare my pains, and ſend your Woman for't, I am in haſte.

L. *Gall.* Then the quickeſt way will be to bring it.
(*Goes out of the Balcony with* Cloſet.

Wild. I knew I ſhould be drawn in one way or other.

SCENE changes to a Chamber.

Enter L. Gall. Cloſet *to them*: Wilding *delivers the Fan, and is retiring.*

L. *Gall.* Stay; I hear you're wonderous free of your Tongue, when 'tis let looſe on me.

Wild. Who I, Widow? I think of no ſuch trifles.

L. *Gall.* Such Railers never think when they're abuſive; but ſomething you have ſaid, a Lye ſo infamous!

Wild. A Lye, and infamous of you! impoſſible!
What was it that I call'd you, Wife or Honeſt?

L. *Gall.* How, can you accuſe me with the want of either?

Wild. Yes, of both: Had you a grain of Honeſty, or intended ever to be thought ſo, wou'd you have the impudence to marry an old Coxcomb, a Fellow that will not ſo much as ſerve you for a Cloak, he is ſo viſibly and undeniably impotent?

L. *Gall.* Your Uncle you mean,

Wild. I do; who has not known the joy of Fornication this thirty year, and now the Devil and you have put it into his head to marry, forſooth. Oh the Felicity of the Wedding-night!

L. *Gall.* Which you, with all your railing Rhetorick, ſhall not have power to hinder.

Wild. Not if you can help it: for I perceive you are reſolved to be a lewd incorrigible ſinner, and marry ſt this ſeditious doting fool my Uncle, only to hang him out for the ſign of the Cuckold, to give notice where Beauty is to be purchas'd, for fear otherwiſe we ſhould miſtake, and think thee honeſt.

L. *Gall.* So much for my want of Honeſty; my Wit is the Part of the Text you are to handle next.

Wild. Let the World judge of that by this one action: This marriage undiſputably robs you both of your Reputation and Pleaſure. Marry an old Fool, becauſe he's rich! when ſo many handſome proper younger Brothers wou'd be glad of you!

L. *Gall.* Of which hopefull number your ſelf are one.

Wild. Who, I! Bear witneſs, *Cloſet*; take notice I'm upon my Marriage, Widow, and ſuch a ſcandal on my Reputation might ruine me: therefore have a care what you ſay.

L. *Gall.* Ha, ha, ha, Marriage! Yes, I hear you give it out, you are to be married to me: for which Defamation, if I be not Reveng'd, hang me.

Wild. Yes, you are reveng'd: I had the fame of vanquiſhing where-e're I laid my Siege, till I knew thee, hard hearted thee; had the honeſt Reputation of lying with the Magiſtrates Wives, when their Reverend Husbands were employ'd in the neceſſary Affairs of the Nation, ſeditiouſly petitioning; and then I was eſteemed; but now they look on me as a monſterous thing, that makes honourable Love to you; Oh hedious, a Husband-Lover! So that now I may proteſt, and ſwear, and lye my heart out, I find neither Credit nor Kindneſs; but when I beg for either, my Lady *Galliard*'s thrown in my Diſh: Then they laugh aloud, and cry, Who would think it of gay, of fine Mr. *Wilding*! Thus the City She-wits are let looſe upon me, and all for you, ſweat Widow; but I am reſolv'd I will redeem my Reputation again, if never ſeeing you nor writing to you more, will do it: And ſo farewel, faithleſs and ſcandalous honeſt Woman.

L. *Gall.* Stay, Tyrant.

Wild. I am engag'd.

L. *Gall.* You are not.

Wild I am, and am reſolv'd to looſe no more time on a peeviſh Woman, who values her Honour above her Lover. (*He goes out.*

L. *Gall.* Go; this is the nobleſt way of loſing thee.

Cloſ. Muſt not I call him back?

L. *Gall.* No: If any honeſt Lover come, admit him; I will forget this Devil. Fetch me ſome Jewels; the Company to night at Sir *Timothy*'s may divert me.

(*She ſits down before her Glaſs.*

Enter Boy.

Boy. Madam, one Sir *Anthony Meriwill* wou'd ſpeak with your Ladyſhip.

L. *Gall.* Admit him; ſure 'tis Sir *Charles* his Uncle: if he come to treat a Match with me for his Nephew, he takes me in the critical minute. Would he but leave his whining, I might love him, if 'twere but in revenge.

Enter Sir Anthony Meriwill *and Sir* Charles.

Sir Anth. So, I have tutor'd the young Rogue, I hope he'll learn in time. Good day to your Ladyſhip; *Charles* [*putting him forward*] my Nephew here, Madam—

Sirrah——

Sirrah—notwithſtanding your Ladyſhips Commands—Look how he ſtands now, being a mad young Raſcal!—Gad, he wou'd wait on your Ladyſhip—A Devil on him, ſee if he'll budge now—For he's a brisk Lover, Madam, when he once begins. A Pox on him, he'll ſpoil all yet.

L. *Gall.* Pleaſe you ſit, Sir.

Sir Char. Madam, I beg your Pardon for my Rudeneſs.

L. Gall. Still whining?—— [*Dreſſing her ſelf careleſly.*

Sir Anth. D'ye hear that, Sirrah? Oh damn it, beg pardon! The Rogue's quite out of's part.

Sir Char. Madam, I fear my Viſit is unſeaſonable.

Sir Anth. Unſeaſonable! Damn'd Rogue, unſeaſonable to a Widow!—Quite out.

L. *Gall.* There are indeed ſome Ladies that wou'd be angry at an untimely Viſit, before they've put on their beſt faces; but I am none of thoſe that wou'd be fair in ſpight of Nature, Sir.——Put on this Jewel here. [*To* Cloſ.

Sir Char. That Beauty needs no Ornament, Heaven has been too bountiful.

Sir Anth. Heaven! Oh Lord, Heaven! a Puritanical Rogue, he courts her like her Chaplain. (*Aſide vext.*

L. *Gall.* You are ſtill ſo full of Univerſity-Compliments——

Sir Anth. D'ye hear that, Sirrah?—Ay ſo he is, ſo he is indeed, Madam.—To her like a man, ye Knave. (*aſide to him.*

Sir Char. Ah, Madam, I am come!

Sir Anth. To ſhew your ſelf a Coxcomb.

L. *Gall.* To tire me with diſcourſes of your Paſſion.—— Fie, how this curl ſits! (*Looking in the Glaſs.*

Sir Char. No, you ſhall hear no more of that ungrateful ſubject.

Sir Anth. Son of a Whore, hear no more of Love, damn'd Rogue! Madam, by *George* he lies; he does come to ſpeak of Love, and make Love, and to do Love, and all for Love.——Not come to ſpeak of Love, with a Pox! 'Owns, Sir, behave your ſelf like a man; be impudent, be ſawcy, forward, bold, towzing, and lewd, d'ye hear, or I'll beat thee before her. Why what a Pox! (*Aſide to him, he minds it not.*

Sir Char. Finding my hopes quite loſt in your unequal Favours to young *Wilding*, I'm quitting the Town.

L. *Gall.* You will do well to do ſo.—Lay by that Necklace; I'll wear Pearl to day. (*To* Cloſ.

Sir Anth. Confounded Blockhead!—By *George*, he lyes again, Madam. A Dog, I'll diſ-inherit him. (*Aſide.*) He quit the Town, Madam! no, not whilſt your Ladyſhip is in it, to my knowledge. He'll live in the Town, nay, in the Street where you live; nay, in the Houſe; nay, in the very Bed, by *George*; I've heard him a thouſand times ſwear it. Swear it now, Sirrah: Look, look, how he ſtands now! Why dear *Charles*, good Boy, ſwear a little, ruffle her, and ſwear damn it, ſhe ſhall have none but thee. (*aſide to him.*) Why you little think, Madam, that this Nephew of mine is one of the maddeſt Fellows in all *Devonſhire*.

L. *Gall.* Wou'd I cou'd ſee't, Sir.

Sir Anth. See't! look ye there, ye Rogue.—Why 'tis all his fault, Madam. He's ſeldom ſober; then he has a dozen Wenches in pay, that he may with the more Ease

thority break their windows. There's never a Maid within forty miles of *Meriwill*-hall to work a Mircale on, but all are Mothers. He's a hopeful Youth, I'll say that for him.

Sir Char. How I have lov'd you, my despairs shall witness: for I will die to purchase your content. (*She rises.*

Sir Anth. Die, a damn'd Rogue! Ay, ay, I'll dis-inherent him: A Dog, die, with a Pox! No, he'll be hang'd first, Madam.

Sir Char. And sure you'll pity me when I am dead.

Sir Anth. A Curse on him; pity, with a Pox! I'll give him ne'er a Souse.

L. *Gall.* Give me that Essence bottle. [*To* Clos.

Sir Char. But for a recompense of all my sufferings ———

L. *Gall.* Sprinkle my Handkercher with Tuberuse. [*To* Clos.

Sir Char. I beg a favour you'd afford a stranger.

L. *Gall.* Sooner perhaps. What Jewel's that. [*To* Clos.

Clos. One Sir *Charles Meriwill*———

L. *Gall.* Sent, and you received without my order!
No wonder that he looks so scurvily.
Gave him the trifle back to mend his humour.

Sir Anth. I thank you, Madam, for that repromand. Look in that Glass, Sir, and admire that sneaking Coxcomb's Countenance of yours: A Pox on him, he's past Grace, loft, gone, not a Souse, not a Groat; good buy to you, Sir. Madam, I beg your pardon; the next time I come a woing, it shall be for my self, Madam, and I have something that will justifie it too; but as for this fellow, if your Ladyship have e'er a small page at leisure, I desire he may have order to kick him down stairs. A damn'd Rogue, to be civil now, when he shou'd have behav'd himself handsomely! Not an Acre, not a Shilling—buy, Sir Softhead. (*going out, meets* Wild. *and returns.*) Hah, who have we here, hum, the fine mad Fellow? So, so, he'll swindge him I hope; I'll stay to have the pleasure of seeing it done.

Enter Wilding, *brushes by Sir* Charles.

Wild. I was sure 'twas *Meriwill*'s Coach at door. (*Aside.*

Sir Char. Hah, *Wilding!*

Sir Anth. Ay, now Sir, here's one will waken ye, Sir. (*To Sir* Char.

Wild. How now, Widow, you are always giving Audience to Lovers, I see.

Sir Char. You're very free, Sir.

Wild. I m always so in the Widows Lodgings, Sir.

Sir Anth. A rare Fellow!

Sir Char. You will not do't elsewhere?

Wild. Not with so much Authority.

Sir Anth. An admirable Fellow! I must be acquainted with him.

Sir Char. Is this the Respect you pay women of her Quality?

Wild. The Widow knows I stand not much upon Ceremonies,

Sir Anth. Gad, he shall be my Heir. (*Aside still.*

L. *Gall.* Pardon him, Sir, this is his *Cambridge*-breeding.

Sir Anth. Ay so 'tis, so 'tis, that two years there quite spoil'd him.

L. *Gall.* Sir, if you've any further business with me, speak it; if not, I'm going forth.

Sir

Sir Char. Madam, in ſhort ———

Sir Anth. In ſhort to a Widow, in ſhort! quite loſt.

Sir Char. I find you treat me ill for my Reſpect;
And when I court you next,
I will forget how very much I love you.

Sir Anth. Sir, I ſhall be proud of your farther acquaintance; for I like, love, and honour you. [*To* Wild.

Wild. I'll ſtudy to deſerve it, Sir.

Sir Anth. Madam, your Servant. A damn'd ſneaking Dog to be civil and modeſt with a Pox! [*Exit Sir* Char. *and Sir* Anth.

L. *Gall.* See if my Coach be ready. (*Exit* Cloſ.

Wild. Whither are you janting now?

L. *Gall.* Where you dare not wait on me; to your Uncles to Supper.

Wild. That Uncle of mine pimps for all the Sparks of his Party;
There they all meet and bargain without ſcandal;
Fops of all ſorts and ſizes you may chuſe.
Whig-land offers not ſuch another Market.

Enter Cloſet.

Cloſ. Madam here's Sir *Timothy Treat-all* come to wait on your Ladyſhip to Supper.

Wild. My Uncle! Oh, damn him, he was born to be my Plague: Not diſ-inheriting me had been ſo great a diſappointment; and if he ſees me here, I ruine all the Plots I've laid for him. Ha, he's here.

Enter Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. How, my Nephew *Thomas* here!

Wild. Madam, I find you can be cruel too,
Knowing my Uncle has abandon'd me.

Sir Tim. How now, Sir, what's your buſineſs here?

Wild. I came to beg a Favour of my Lady *Galliard*, Sir, knowing her Power and Quality here in the City.

Sir Tim. How, a Favour of my Lady *Galliard*! The Rogue ſaid indeed he wou'd Cuckold me: (*Aſide.*) Why, Sir, I thought you had been taken up with your rich Heireſs?

Wild. That was my buſineſs now, Sir: Having in my poſſeſſion the Daughter and Heir of Sir *Nicholas Gettall*, I would have made uſe of the Authority of my Lady *Galliard*'s houſe to have ſecur'd her, till I got things in order for our Marriage; but my Lady, to put me off, crys, I have an Uncle.

L. *Gall.* A well-contrived Lie. (*Aſide.*

Sir Tim. Well, I have heard of your good Fortune; and however a Reprobate thou haſt been, I'll not ſhew my ſelf ſo undutiful an Uncle, as not to give the Gentlewoman a little houſe-room: I heard indeed ſhe was gone a week ago,
And, Sir, my houſe is at your Service.

Wild. I humbly thank you, Sir. Madam, your Servant. A Pox upon him and all his Aſſociation. (*Over run*

Sir Tim. Come, Madam, my Coach waits below. (*Exit.*

A C T

ACT the Third.

SCENE the Firſt. *A Room.*

Enter Sir Timothy Treat-all *and* Jervice.

Sir Tim. HEre, take my Sword, *Jervice.* What have you inquir'd as I directed you concerning the rich Heireſs, Sir *Nicholas Gettall*'s Daughter?

Jer. Alas, Sir, inquir'd! why 'tis all the City News that ſhe's run away with one of the maddeſt Tories about Town.

Sir Tim. Good Lord! Ay, ay, 'tis ſo; the plaguy Rogue my Nephew has got her. That Heaven ſhou'd drap ſuch bleſſings in the mouths of the Wicked! Well, *Jervice*, what Company have we in the houſe, *Jervice*?

Jer. Why truly, Sir, a fine deal, conſidering there's no Parliament.

Sir Tim. What Lords have we, *Jervice.*

Jer. Lords, Sir, truly none.

Sir Tim. None! what ne'er a Lord! Some miſhap will befal me, ſome dire miſchance! ne'er a Lord, ominous, ominous! our Party dwindles daily. What, nor Earl, nor Marqueſs, nor Duke, nor ne'er a Lord? Hum, my Wine will lie moſt villanouſly upon my hands to night, *Jervice.* What, have we ſtore of Knights and Gentlemen?

Jer. I know not what Gentlemen there be, Sir; but there are Knights, Citizens, their Wives and Daughters.

Sir Tim. Make us thankful for that; our Meet will not lie upon our hands then, *Jervice*: I'll ſay that for our little *Londoners*, they are as tall fellows at a well-charg'd Board as any in *Chriſtendom.*

Jer. Then, Sir, there's Nonconformiſt-Parſons.

Sir Tim. Nay, then we ſhall have a clear Board: for your true Proteſtant Appetite in a Lay-Elder, does a man's Table credit.

Jer. Then, Sir, there's Country-Juſtices and Grand-Jury-men.

Sir Tim. Well enough, well enough, *Jervice.*

Enter Mrs. Senſure.

Sen. An't like your Worſhip, Mr. *Wilding* is come in with a Lady richly dreſt in Jewels, mask'd, in his hand, and will not be deny'd ſpeaking with your Worſhip.

Sir Tim. Hah, rich in Jewels! this muſt be ſhe. My Sword again, *Jervice.* — Bring 'em up, *Senſure.* — Prithee how do I look to night, *Jervice*? (*Setting himſelf.*

Jer. Oh, moſt methodically, Sir.

Enter Wild. *and* Diana *and* Betty.

Wild. Sir, I have brought into you kind protection the richeſt Jewel all *London* can afford, fair Mrs. *Charlot Gettall.*

Sir Tim. Bleſs us, ſhe's raviſhing fair! Lady I had the honour of being intimate with your worthy Father. I think he has been dead ——

Tim.

Diana. If he chastize me much on that point, I shall spoil all. Alas, Sir, name him not; for if you do, (*weeping*) I'm sure I cannot answer you one Question. [*Aside.*

Wild. For Heaven sake, Sir, name not her Father to her; the bare remembrance of him kills her. (*Aside to him.*

Sir Tim. Alas, poor Soul! Lady I beg your pardon. How soft hearted she's! I am in love; I find already a kind of tickling of I know not what, run frisking thro' my Veins. (*Aside.*

Bet. Ay, Sir, the good Alderman has been dead this twelvemonth just, and has left his Daughter here, my Mistress, three thousand pound a year. (*Weeping.*

Sir Tim. Three thousand pound a year! Yes, yes, I am in love. (*Aside.*

Bet. Besides Money, Plate, and Jewels.

Sir Tim. I'll marry her out of hand, [*aside*] Alas, I cou'd even weep too; but 'tis in vain. Well, Nephew, you may be gone now: for 'tis not necessary you shou'd be seen here, d'ye see. (*Pushing him out.*

Wild. You see, Sir, now, what Heaven has done for me; and you have often told me, Sir, when that was kind, you wou'd be so. Those Writings, Sir, by which you were so good to make me Heir of all your Estate, you said you wou'd put into my possession, whene'er I made it appear to you I cou'd live without 'em, or bring you a Wife of Fortune home.

Sir Tim. And I will keep my word; 'tis time enough. (*Putting him out.*

Wild. I have, 'tis true, been wicked; but I shall now turn from my evil ways, establish my self in the religious City, and enter into the Association. There wants but these same Writings, Sir, and your good Character of me.

Sir Tim. Thou sha't have both; all in good time, man: Go, go thy ways, and I'll warrant thee for a good Character; go.

Wild. Ay, Sir; but the Writings, because I told her, Sir, I was your Heir; nay, forc'd to swear it too, before she wou'd believe me.

Sir Tim. Alas, alas! how shrewdly thou wer't put to't!

Wild. I told her too, you'd buy a Patent for me: for nothing wooes a City-Fortune like the hopes of a Ladyship.

Sir Tim. I'm glad of that: that I can settle on her presently. (*Aside.*

Wild. You may please to hint something to her of my Godly Life and Conversation; that I frequent Conventicles, and am drunk no where but at your true Protestant Consults and Clubs, and the like.

Sir Tim. Nay, if these will please her, I have her for certain. [*aside.*] Go, go, fear not my good word

Wild. But the Writings, Sir——

Sir Tim. Am I a Jew, a Turk? Thou sha't have any thing, now I find thee a Lad of Parts, and one that can provide so well for thy Uncle. (*Aside.*

(*Puts him out, and addresses himself to the Lady.*

Wild. Wou'd they were hang'd that trust you, that have but the art of Lejerdemain, and can open the Japan-Cabinet in your Bed-chamber, where I know those Writings are kept. Death, what a disappointment's here! I wou'd a'sworn this Sham had past upon him. — But, Sir, shall I have the Writings now?

Sir Tim. What not gone yet! for shame, away: canst thou distrust thy own natural Uncle? Fie, away, *Tom*, away.

Wild. A Plague upon your damn'd Diſſimulation, that never failing Badge of all your Party, there's always miſchief at the bottom on't; I know ye all; and Fortune be the Word. When next I ſee you, Uncle, it ſhall coſt you dearer. [*Exit.*

Enter Jervice.

Jer. An't pleaſe your Worſhip, Supper's almoſt over, and you are askt for.

Sir Tim. They know I never ſup: I ſhall come time enough to bid 'em welcome. [*Exit* Jer.

Dian. I keep you, Sir, from Supper and better Company.

Sir Tim. Lady, were I a Glutton, I cou'd be ſatisfi'd
With feeding on thoſe two bright ſtarry Eyes.

Dian. You are a Courtier, Sir; we City-maids do ſeldom here ſuch Language: in which you ſhew your kindneſs to your Nephew, more than your thoughts of what my Beauty merits

Sir Tim. Lord, Lord, how innocent ſhe is! [*Aſide.*] My Nephew, Madam? yes, yes, I cannot chuſe but be wonderous kind upon his ſcore.

Dian. Nay, he has often told me, you were the beſt of Uncles, and he deſerves your goodneſs; ſo hopefull a young Gentleman.

Sir Tim. Wou'd I cou'd ſee't. [*Aſide.*

Dian. So modeſt.

Sir Tim. Yes, ask my Maids [*Aſide.*

Dian. So civil.

Sir Tim. Yes, to my Neighbours Wives. [*aſide.*] But ſo, Madam, I find by this high Commendations of my Nephew, your Ladyſhip has a very ſlender opinion of your devoted Servant the while; or elſe, Madam, with this not diſagreeable face and ſhape of mine, ſix thouſand pound a year, and other Vertues and Commodities that ſhall be nameleſs, I ſee no reaſon why I ſhou'd not beget an Heir of my own Body, had I the helping hand of a certain victorious perſon in the World, that ſhall be nameleſs. [*Bowing and ſmirking.*

Dian. Meaning me, I am ſure: If I ſhou'd marry him now, and diſappoint my dear Inconſtant with an Heir of his own begetting, 'twou'd be a moſt wicked Revenge for paſt Kindneſſes, [*Aſide.*

Sir Tim. I know your Ladyſhip is ſtudying now who this victorious perſon ſhou'd be, whom I dare not name; but let it ſuffice, ſhe is, Madam, within a mile of an Oak.

Dian. No, Sir, I was conſidering, if what you ſay be true,
How unadviſedly I have lov'd your Nephew,
Who ſwore to me he was to be your Heir.

Sir Tim. My Heir, Madam! am I ſo viſibly old to be ſo deſperate?
No, I'm in my years of deſires and diſcretion,
And I have thoughts, durſt I but utter 'em;
But modeſtly ſay, Mum ——

Dian. I took him for the hopefulleſt Gentleman ——

Sir Tim. Let him hope on, ſo will I; and yet, Madam, in conſideration of your love to him, and becauſe he is my Nephew, young, handſome, witty, and ſoforth, I am content to be ſo much a Parent to him, as, if Heaven pleaſe, —to ſee him fairly hang'd.

Dian. How, Sir! [*In amaze.*

Sir Tim. He has deſerv'd it, Madam; Firſt, for lampooning the Reverend City with its noble Government, with the Right Honourable Gown-men; libelling ſom for Feaſting, and ſome for Faſting, ſome for Cuckolds, and ſome for Cuckold makers; charging us with all the ſeven deadly ſins, the ſins, of our Forefathers, adding ſeven ſcore more to the number; the ſins of Forty One reviv'd again in Eighty One, with Additions and Amendments: for which, though the Writings were drawn, by which I made him my whole Executor, I will diſ-inherit him. Secondly, Madam, he deſerves hanging for ſeducing and moſt felonioufly bearing away a young City-Heireſs.

Dian. Undone, undone! Oh with what face can I return again!
What man of Wealth or Reputation, now
Will think me worth the owning! [*Feigns to weep.*

Sir Tim. Yes, yes, Madam, there are honeſt, diſcreet, religious and true Proteſtant Knights in the City, that wou'd be proud to digniſie and diſtinguiſh ſo worthy a Gentlewoman. [*Bowing and ſmiling.*

Bet. Look to your hits, and take fortune by the forelock, Madam. [*Aſide.*
—— Alas, Madam, no Knight, and poor too!

Sir Tim. As a Tory Poet.

Bet. Well, Madam, take comfort; if the worſt come to the worſt, you have Eſtate enough for both.

Dian. Ay, *Betty*, were he but honeſt, *Betty*. [*Weeping.*

Sir Tim. Honeſt! I think he will not ſteal; but for his body, the Lord have mercy upon't, for he has none.

Dian. 'Tis evident I am betray'd, abus'd;
H'as lookt, and ſigh'd, and talkt away my Heart;
H'as ſworn and vow'd, and flatter'd me to ruin. [*Weeping.*

Sir Tim. A ſmall fault with him; he has flatter'd and ſworn me out of many a fair thouſand: Why he has no more Conſcience than a Politician, nor no more Truth than a Narrative (under the Roſe.)

Dian. Is there no Truth nor Honeſty i'th' World?

Sir Tim. Troth, very little, and that lies all i'th' City, amongſt us ſober Magiſtrates.

Dian. Were I a man, how wou'd I be reveng'd!

Sir Tim. Your Ladyſhip might do it better as you are, were I worthy to adviſe you.

Dian. Name it.

Sir Tim. Why by marrying your Ladyſhips moſt aſſur'd Friend, and moſt humble Servant, *Timothy Treat-all* of *London*, Alderman. [*Bowing.*

Bet. Ay, this is ſomething, Miſtriſs; here's Reaſon!

Dian. But I have given my Faith and Troth to *Wilding*, *Betty*.

Sir Tim. Faith an Troth! We ſtand upon neither Faith nor Troth in the City, Lady. I have known an Heireſs married and bedded, and yet with the adviſe of the wiſer Magiſtrates, has been unmarried and conſummated anew with another, ſo it ſtands with our Intereſt; 'tis Law by *Magna Charta*. Nay, had you married my ungracious Nephew, we might by this our *Magna Charta* have hang'd him for a Rape.

Dian. What, though he had my consent?

Sir Tim. That's nothing, he had not ours.

Dian. Then shou'd I marry you by stealth, the danger wou'd be the same.

Sir Tim. No, no, Madam, we never accuse one another; 'tis the poor Rogues, the Tory Rascals, we always hang. Let 'em accuse me if they please, alas, I come off hand-smooth with *Ignoramus*.

Enter Jervice.

Jer. Sir, there's such calling for your Worship! They are all very merry, the Glasses go briskly about.

Sir Tim. Go, go, I'll come when all the Healths are past; I love no Healths.

Jer. They are all over, Sir, and the Ladies are for dancing; so they are all adjourning from the Dining-room hither, as more commodious for that Exercise. I think they're coming, Sir.

Sir Tim. Hah, coming! Call *Sensure* to wait on the Lady to her Apartment.—And, Madam, I do most heartily recommend my most humble Address to your most judicious consideration, hoping you will most vigorously, and with all your might, maintain the Rights and Priviledges of the honourable City; and not suffer the force or perswasion of any Arbitrary Lover whatsoever, to subvert their Ancient and Fundamental Laws, by seducing and forcibly bearing away so rich and illustrious a Lady: and, Madam, we will unanimously stand by you with our Lives and Fortunes.——This I learnt from a Speech at the Election of a Burgess.

[*Leads her to the door: she goes out with* Betty *and* Sensure.

Enter Musick playing, Sir Anthony Meriwill *dancing with a Lady in his hand,* Sir Charles *with Lady* Galliard, *several other women and men.*

Sir Anth. [singing.] Philander *was a jolly Swain,*
And lov'd by ev'ry Lass;
Whom when he met upon the Plain,
He laid upon the Grass.

And here he kist, and there he play'd
With this, and then the t'other,
Till every wanton smiling Maid
At last became a Mother.

And to her Swain, and to her Swain,
The Nymph begins to yield;
Ruffle, and breath, then to't again,
Thou'rt Master of the Field.

[Clapping Sir *Char.* on the back.

Sir Char. And if I keep it not, say I'm a Coward, Uncle.

Sir Anth. More Wine there, Boys, I'll keep the Humour up.

[*Enter Bottles and Glasses.*

Sir Tim. How! young *Meriwill* so close to the Widow!——

Madam——

Madam ——— [*Addressing himself to her, Sir* Char. *puts him by.*

Sir Char. Sir *Timothy*, why what a Pox dost thou bring that damn'd Puritanical, Schismatical, Phanatical, Small-beer-face of thine into good Company? Give him a full Glass to the Widow's Health.

Sir Tim. O lack, Sir *Charles*, no Healths for me, I pray.

Sir Char. Hark ye, leave that couzening, canting, sanctifi'd sneer of yours, and drink ye me like a sober loyal Magistrate, all those Healths you are behind, from his sacred Majesty, whom God long preserve, with the rest of the Royal Family, even down to this wicked Widow, whom Heaven soon convert for her lewd designs upon my Body. [*Pulling Sir* Tim. *to kneel.*

Sir Anth. A rare Boy! he shall have all my Estate.

Sir Tim. How, the Widow a lewd design upon his Body! Nay, then I am jealous. [*aside.*

L. *Gall.* I a lewd design upon your Body! for what, I wonder?

Sir Char. Why, for villanous Matrimony.

L. *Gall.* Who, I!

Sir Char. Who, you? yes, you.
Why are those Eyes dress't in inviting Love?
Those soft bewitching Smiles, those rising Breasts,
And all those Charms which make you so adorable,
Is't not to draw Fools into Matrimony?

Sir Anth. How's that, how's that! *Charles* at his Adorables and Charms! He must have t'other Health, he'll fall to his old Dog-trot again else. Come, come, every man his Glass. Sir *Timothy*, you are six behind. Come, *Charles*, name 'em all. [*Each take a Glass, and force Sir* Tim. *on his knees.*

Sir Char. — Not bate ye an Ace, Sir: Come, his Majesties Health, and Confusion to his Enemies. [*They go to force his mouth open to drink.*

Sir Tim. Hold, Sir, hold, if I must drink, I must; but this is very Arbitrary, methinks. [*Drinks.*

Sir Anth. And now, Sir, to the Royal Duke of *Albany*. Musick, play a Scotch Jig. [*Musick plays, they drink.*

Sir Tim. This is meer Tyranny.

Enter Jervice.

Jer. Sir, there is alighted at the Gate a Person of Quality, as appears by his Train, who give him the Title of a Lord.

Sir Tim. How, a strange Lord! Conduct him up with Ceremony, *Jervice* ——— 'Ods so, he's here!

Enter Wilding *in disguise*, Dresswel, *and Footmen and Pages.*

Wild. Sir, by your Reverend Aspect, you shou'd be the Renown'd *Mester de Hotel!*

Sir Tim. Meter de Otell! I have not the honour to know any of that name, I am call'd Sir *Timothy Treat-all.* [*Bowing.*

Wild. The same, Sir: I have been bred abroad, and thought all Persons of Quality had spoke French.

Sir Tim. Not City Persons of Quality, my Lord.

Wild. I'm glad on't, Sir; for 'tis a Nation I hate, as indeed I do all Monarchies.

Sir Tim. Hum! hate Monarchy! Your Lordship is most welcome. [*Bows.*

Wild.

Wild. Unless Elective Monarchies, which so resemble a Commonwealth.

Sir Tim. Right, my Lord; where every man may hope to take his turn.—Your Lordship is most singularly welcome. [*Bows low.*

Wild. And tho' I am a stranger to your Person, I am not to your Fame, amongst the sober Party of the *Amsterdamians*, all the French Hugonots throughout *Geneva*; even to *Hungary* and *Poland*, fames trumpet sounds your praise, making the Pope to fear, the rest admire you.

Sir Tim. I'm much oblig'd to the Renowned Mobily.

Wild. So you will say, when you shall hear my Embassie. The *Polanders* by me salute you, Sir, and have in the next new Election, prickt ye down for their succeeding King.

Sir Tim. How, my Lord, prickt me down for a King! Why this is wonderful! Prickt me, unworthy me, down for a King! How cou'd I merit this amazing Glory!

Wild. They know, he that can be so great a Patriot to his Native Country, where but a private person, what must he be when power is on his side.

Sir Tim. Ay, my Lord, my Country, my bleeding Country! there's the stop to all my rising Greatness. Shall I be so ungrateful to disappoint this big expecting Nation? defeat the sober Party, and my Neighbours for any polish Crown? But yet, my Lord, I will consider on't: Mean time my house is yours.

Wild. I've brought you, Sir, the measure of the Crown: Hah, it fits you to a hair. [*Pulls out a Ribon and measures his head.*
You were by Heaven and Nature fram'd that Monarch.

Sir Anth. Hah, at it again! (*Sir* Charles *making sober love.*) Come, we grow dull, *Charles*: where stands the Glass? what, balk my Lady *Galliard*'s Health!
(*They go to drink.*

Wild. Hah, *Galliard* — and so sweet on *Meriwill*! (*Aside.*

L. *Gall.* If it be your business, Sir, to drink I'll withdraw.

Sir Char. Gad, and I'll withdraw with you, Widow. Hark ye, Lady *Galliard*, I am damnably afraid you cannot bear your Liquor well, you are so forward to leave good Company and a Bottle.

Sir Tim. Well, Gentlemen, since I have done what I never do, to oblige you, I hope you'll not refuse a Health of my Denomination.

Sir Anth. We scorn to be so uncivil. (*All take Glasses.*

Sir Tim. Why then here's a conceal'd Health that shall be nameless, to his Grace the King of *Poland*.

Sir Char. King of *Poland*! Lord, Lord, how your thoughts ramble!

Sir Tim. Not so far as you imagine; I know what I say, Sir.

Sir Char. Away with it. (*Drink all.*

Wild. I see, Sir, you still keep up that English Hospitality that so renowned our Ancestors in History. (*Looking on L.* Gall.

Sir Tim. Ay, My Lord, my noble Guests are my Wife and Children.

Wild. Are you not married then? Death she smiles on him! (*Aside.*

Sir Tim. I had a Wife, but, rest her Soul, she's dead; and I have no Plague left now, but an ungracious Nephew, perverted with ill Customs, Tantive-Opinions, and Court-Notions.

Wild. Cannot your pious Examples convert him?

By

By Heaven, she's fond of him! (*Aside.*

Sir Tim. Alas, I have try'd all ways, fair and foul: nay, had fettl'd t'other day my whole Estate upon him, and just as I had sign'd the Writings, out comes me a damn'd Libel call'd, *A Warning to all good Christians against the City-Magistrates*: and I doubt he had a hand in *Absolon and Achitophel*; a Rogue: But some of our sober Party have claw'd him home, i'faith, and given him Rhyme for his Reason.

Wild. Most visibly in Love! — Oh, Sir, Nature, Laws and Religion, plead for so near a Kinsman.

Sir Tim. Laws and Religions! Alas, my Lord, he deserves not the name of a Patriot, who does not for the Publick Good defie all Laws and Religion.

Wild Death, I must interrupt 'em! — Sir, pray what Lady's that? (Wild. *salutes her.*

Sir Tim. I beseech your Lordship, know her, 'tis my Lady *Galliard*: the rest are all my Friends and Neighbours, true Protestants all — Well, my Lord, how do you like my method of doing the business of the Nation, and carrying on the Cause with Wine, Women, and soforth.

Wild. High feeding and smart Drinking, gains more to the Party, than your smart Preaching.

Sir Tim. Your Lordship has hit it right: A rare man this!

Wild. But come, Sir, leave serious affairs, and oblige these fair ones.

(*Addresses himself to* Galliard, *Sir* Charles *puts him by.*

Enter Charlot *disguised*, Clacket *and* Poplington.

Charl. Heavens, *Clacket*, yonder's my false one, and that my lovely Rival.

(*Pointing to* Wild. *and L.* Gall.

Enter Diana *and* Sensure *maskt, and* Betty.

Dian. Dear Mrs. *Sensure*, this Favour has oblig'd me.

Sen. I hope you'll not discover it to his Worship, Madam.

Wild. By her Meen, this should be handsome — (*Goes to* Diana.) Madam, I hope you have not made a Resolution to deny me the honour of your hand.

Dian. Hah, *Wilding*! Love can discover thee through all disguise.

Wild. Hah, *Diana*! Wou'd 'twere Felony to wear a Vizard. Gad, I'd rather meet it on the Kings Highway with Stand and Deliver, then thus encounter it on the Face of an old Mistress; and the Cheat were more excusable. —— But how ——

(*Talks aside with her.*

Sir Char. Nay, never frown nor chide: for thus do I intend to shew my Authority, till I have made thee only fit for me.

Wild. Is't so, my precious Uncle! are you so great a Devil in Hypocrisie! Thus had I been serv'd, had I brought him the right woman. (*Aside.*

Dian. But do not think, dear *Tommy*, I wou'd have serv'd thee so; married thy Uncle, and have cozen'd thee of thy Birth right. — But see we're observ'd!

(Charlot *listening behind him all this while.*

Charl. By all that's good, 'tis he! that Voice is his!

(*He going from* Dian. *turns upon* Charlot *and Looks.*

Wild. Hah, what pretty Creature's this, that has so much of *Charlot* in her face? But sure she durst not venture: 'tis not her dress nor meen. Dear pretty Stranger, I must dance with you.

Charl. Good deed, and see ye shall, Sir, gen you please. Tho I's not dance, Sir, I's tell ya that noo.

Wild. Not I: so we're well match't. By Heaven, she's wonderous like her.

Charl. By th' Mass not so kind, Sir; 'Twere gued that one of us shou'd dance to guid the other weel.

Wild. How young, how innocent and free she is?
And wou'd you, fair one, be guided by me?

Charl. In any thing that gued is.

Wild. I love you extremely, and wou'd teach you to love.

Charl. Ah, wele aday! [*Sighs and smiles.*

Wild. A thing, I know, you do not understand.

Charl. Gued faith, and ya're i'th' right, Sir; yet 'tis a thing I's often here ya gay men talk of.

Wild. Yes, and no doubt have been told those pretty Eyes inspired it.

Charl. Gued deed, and so I have: Ya men make sa mickle ado aboot ens Eyes, ways me, I's ene tir'd with sick-like Compliments.

Wild. Ah, if you give us wounds we must complain.

Charl. Ya may ene keep out a harms way then.

Wild. Oh, we cannot; or if we cou'd, we wou'd not.

Charl. Marry and I's have ene a Song to'l that tune, Sir.

Wild. Dear Creature, let me beg it.

Charl. Gued faith, ya shall not, Sir, I's Sing without entreaty.

SONG.

Ah Jenny, *gen your Eyes do kill,*
Yon'll let me tell my pain;
Gued faith, I lov'd against my will,
But wad not break my Chain.
I ence was call'd a bonny Lad,
Till that fair face of yours
Betray'd the freedom ance I had,
And ad my blether howers.

But noo ways me like Winter looks,
My gloomy showering Eyne,
And on the banks of shaded Brooks,
I pass my wearied time.
I call the stream that gleedeth on,
To witness if it see,
On all the flowry Brink along,
A Swain so true as Ie.

Wild. This very Swain am I, so true and so forlorn, unless ye pity me. This is an excellensie *Charlot* wants, at least I never heard her sing. [*Aside.*

Sir Anth. Why *Charles*, where stands the woman, *Charles*.

[*Fop. comes up to* Charlot.

Wild. I must speak to *Galliard*, though all my Fortunes depend on the discovery of my self. [*Aside.*

Sir

Sir Anth. Come, come, a cooling Glaſs about.

Wild. Dear *Dreſſwell*, entertain *Charles Meriwil* a little, whilſt I ſpeak to *Galliard*.

(*The men go all to the drinking Table.*

By Heaven, I die, I languiſh for a word!
——— Madam, I hope you have not made a Vow
To ſpeak with none but that young Cavalier?
They ſay, the freedom Engliſh Ladies uſe,
Is as their beauty, great.

L. Gall. Sir, we are none of thoſe of ſo nice and delicate a Vertue as Converſation can corrupt; we live in a cold Climate.

Wild. And think you're not ſo apt to be in love,
As where the Sun ſhines oftner.
But you too much partake of the Inconſtancy of your fickle Climate.

(*Maliciouſly to her.*

One day all Sun-ſhine, and th' encourag'd Lover
Decks himſelf up in glittering Robes of Hope;
And in the midſt of all their boaſted Finery
Comes a dark Cloud acroſs his Miſtreſs Brow,
Daſhes the Fool, and ſpoils the gawdy ſhow. (*L. Gall. obſerving him nearly.*

L. Gall. Hah, do not I know that railing Tongue of yours?

Wild. 'Tis from your Guilt, not Judgment then.
I was reſolv'd to be to night a Witneſs
Of that ſworn Love you flatter'd me ſo often with.
By Heaven, I ſaw you playing with my Rival,
Sigh'd, and lookt Babies in his gloating Eyes.
When is the Aſſignation? when the Hours?
For he's impatient as the raging Sea,
Looſe as the Winds, and amorous as the Sun
That kiſſes all the Beauties of the Spring.

L. Gall. I take him for a ſober perſon, Sir.

Wild. Have I been the Companion of his Riots
In all the lewd courſe of our early Youth,
Where like unwearied Bees we gather'd Flowers?
But no kind Bloſſom cou'd oblige our ſtay,
We rifled and were gone.

L. Gall. Your Vertues I perceive are pretty equal;
Only his Love's the honeſter o'th' two.

Wild. Honeſter! that is, he wou'd owe his good fortune to the Parſon of the Pariſh;
And I wou'd be oblig'd to you alone.
He wou'd have a Licenſe to boaſt he lies with you,
And I wou'd do't with modeſty and ſilence:
For Vertue's but a name kept from Scandal,
Which the moſt baſe of Women beſt preſerve,
Since Gilting and Hypocriſie cheat the World beſt.
—But we both love, and who ſhall blab the ſecrret? (*In a*

L. *Gall.* Oh, why were all the Charms of Speaking given to that false Tongue that makes no better use of 'em?
——— I'll hear no more of your inchanting Reasons.
Wild. You must.
L. *Gall.* I will not.
Wild. Indeed you must.
L. *Gall.* By all the powers above———
Wild. By all the powers of Love, you'll break your Oath, unless you swear this night to let me see you.
L. *Gall.* This night.
Wild. This very night.
L. *Gall.* I'd die first.—At what hour? [*First turns away then sighs and looks on him.*
Wild. Oh, name it; and if I fail—— (*With joy.*
L. *Gall.* I wou'd not for the world———
Wild. That I shou'd fail!
L. *Gall.* Not name the guilty hour.
Wild. Then I through eager haste shall come too soon,
And do your honour wrong.
L. *Gall.* My Honour! Oh that word!
Wild. Which the Devil was in me for naming. (*Aside.*
—— At Twelve!
L. *Gall.* My Women and my Servants then are up.
Wild. At One, or Two.
L. *Gall.* So late! 'twill be so quickly day!
Wild. Ay, so it will:
That half our business will be left unfinisht.
L. *Gall.* Hah, what do you mean? what business?
Wild. A thousand tender things I have to say;
A thousand Vows of my eternal love;
And now and then we'll kiss and———
L. *Gall.* Be extreamly honest.
Wild. As you can wish.
L. *Gall.* Rather as I command: for shou'd he know my wish, I were undone. (*Aside.*
Wild. The Sign.———
L. *Gall.* Oh, press me not,—yet you may come at midnight under my Chamber-window. (*Sir* Char. *sees 'em so close, comes to 'em.*
Sir Char. Hold, Sir, hold! Whilst I am listening to the relation of your French Fortifications, Outworks, and Counterscraps, I perceive the Enemy in my Quarters.
——— My Lord, by your leave. [*Puts him by, growing drunk.*
Charl. Perswade me not; I burst with Jealousie. [*Wild. turns, sees* Clacket.
Wild. Death and the Devil, *Clacket*! then 'tis *Charlot*, and I'm discover'd to her.
Charl. Say, are not you a false dissembling thing? [*To* Wild. *in anger.*
Wild. What, my little Northern Lass translated into English!
This 'tis to practice Art in spight of Nature.
Alas, thy Vertue, Youth, and Innocence,

Were

Were never made for Cunning,
I found ye out through all your forc'd disguise.

Charl. Hah, did you know me then?

Wild. At the first glance, and found you knew me too,
And talkt to yonder Lady in revenge,
Whom my Uncle wou'd have me marry. But to avoid all discourses of that nature,
I came to night in this disguise you see, to be conceal'd from her; that's all.

Charl. And is that all, on honour? is it, dear?

Wild. What, no Belief, no Faith in villanous women?

Charl. Yes, when I see the Writings.

Wild. Go home; I die if you shou'd be discover'd;
And credit me, I'll bring you all you ask.
Clacket, you and I must have an odd Reckoning about this nights jant of yours.
(*Aside to* Clacket.

Sir Tim. Well, my Lord, how do you like our English Beauties?

Wild. Extreamly, Sir; and was pressing this young Lady to give us a Song.
[*Here is an Italian Song in two parts.*

Sir Tim. I never saw this Lady before: pray who may she be, Neighbour?
(*To* Clacket.

Mrs. *Clack.* A Niece of mine, newly come out of *Scotland*, Sir.

Sir Tim. Nay, then she dances by nature. Gentlemen and Ladies, please you to sit, here's a young Neighbour of mine will honour us with a dance.
(*They all sit*; Charl. *and* Fop. *dance.*

So, so; very well, very well. Gentlemen and Ladies, I am for Liberty of Conscience, and Moderation. There's a Banquet waits the Ladies, and my Cellars are open to the men; but for my self, I must retire: first waiting on your Lordship to shew you your Apartment, then leave you to cher entire; and to morrow, my Lord, you and I will settle the Nation, and resolve on what return we will make to the noble *Polanders.* (*Exeunt all but* Wild. Dress. *and* Fop. *Sir* Char. *leading out L.* Gall.

Sir Anth. Well said, *Charles*, thou leavest her not, till she's thy own, Boy—And Philander *was a jolly Swain*, &c. (*Exit singing.*

Wild. All things succeed above my wish, dear *Frank*;
Fortune is kind; and more, *Galliard* is so:
This night Crowns all my wishes.
Labour, are all things ready for our purpose? (*To his Footman.*

Lab. Dark Lanthorns, Pistols, Habits and Vizards, Sir.

Fop. I have provided Portmantles to carry off the Treasure.

Dress. I perceive you are resolv'd to make a through-stitcht Robbery on't.

Fop. Faith, if it lie in our way, Sir, we had as good venture a Caper under the Triple-Tree for one as well as t'other.

Wild. We will consider on't. 'Tis now just struck Eleven: within this hour is the dear Assignation with *Galliard.*

Dress. What, whether our affairs be finisht or not?

Wild. 'Tis but at next door; I shall return time enough for that trivial business.

Dress. A trivial business of some six thousand pound a year?

Wild. Trivial to a woman, *Frank*! no more, do you make as if you went to bed. —*Labour*, do you feign to be drunk, and lie on the Hall-table; and when I give the sign, let me softly in.

Dress. Death, Sir, will you venture at such a time;

Wild. My life and future hope ——I am resolv'd,
Let Politians plot, let Rogues go on
In the old beaten Path of Forty One,
Let City Knaves delight in Mutiny,
The Rable bow to old Presbytery;
Let petty States be to confusion hurl'd,
Give me but Woman, I'll despise the World.

ACT the Fourth.

SCENE the First. *A Dressing-room.*

Lady Galliard *is discover'd in an undress at her Table, Glass, and Toilette,* Closet *attending: As soon as the Scene draws off, she rises from the Table as disturbed and out of humour.*

L. *Gall.* COme, leave your everlasting Chamber-maids Chat, your dull Road of Slandering by rote, and lay that Paint aside. Thou art fuller of false News, than an unlicens'd Mercury.

Clos. I have good proof, Madam, of what I say.

L. *Gall.* Proof of a thing impossible! —— Away.

Clos. Is it a thing so impossible, Madam, that a man of Mr. *Wilding*'s parts and person should get a City-Heiress?
Such a bonne Mine, and such a pleasant Wit!

L. *Gall.* Hold thy fluent Tattle, thou hast Tongue
Enough to talk an Oyster woman deaf; I say it cannot be. ——
What means the panting of my troubled Heart!
Oh my presaging fears! shou'd what she says prove true,
How wretched and how lost a thing am I! (*Aside.*

Clos. Your Honour may say your pleasure; but I hope I have not liv'd to these years to be impertinent:—No, Madam, I am none of those that run up and down the Town a Story-hunting, and a Lye catching, and——

L. *Gall.* Eternal rattle, peace!——
Mrs. *Charlot Gettall* go away with *Wilding*!
A man of *Wilding*'s extravagant life.
Get a Fortune in the City!
'Thou might'st as well have told me, a Holder forth were married to a Nun.
There are not two such Contraries in Nature;
Tis flam, 'tis foolery, 'tis most impossible.

Clos. I beg your Ladyships pardon, if my discourse offend you; but all the world knows Mrs. *Clacket* to be a person——

L. *Gall.*

L. *Gall.* Who is a most devout Bawd, a precise Procurer;
Saint in the Spirit, and Whore in the Flesh;
A Doer of the Devils work in Gods Name.
Is she your Informer? nay, then the Lye's undoubted.——
I say once more, adone with your idle Title-Tattle.——
And to divert me, bid *Betty* Sing the Song which *Wilding*
Made to his last Mistress: we may judge by that
What little Haunts and what low Game he follows.
This is not like the description of a rich Citizens Daughter and Heir, but some common Hackney of the Suburbs.

Clos. I have heard him often swear she was a Gentlewoman, and liv'd with her Friends.

L. *Gall.* Like enough; there are many of these Gentlewomen who live with their Friends, as rank Prostitutes, as errant Jilts, as those who make open profession of the Trade——almost as mercenary——But come, the Song. *Enter* Betty.

SONG.

In Phillis *all vile Jilts are met,*
Foolish, uncertain, false, Coquette.
Love is her constant welcome Guest,
And still the newest pleases best.
Quickly she likes, then leaves as soon;
Her life on Woman's a Lampoon.

Yet for the Plague of Human Race,
This Devil has an Angels Face;
Such Youth, such Sweetness in her look,
Who can be man, and not be took?
What former Love, what Wit, what Art,
Can save a poor inclining heart?

In vain, a thousand times an hour,
Reason rebels against her power.
In vain I rail, I curse her Charms;
One look my feeble Rage disarms.
There is Inchantment in her Eyes;
Who sees 'em, can no more be wise.

Enter Wilding, *who runs to embrace* L. Gall.

Wild. *Twelve was the lucky minute when we met:*
Most charming of your Sex, and wisest of all Widows,
My Life, my Soul, my Heaven to come, and here!
Now I have liv'd to purpose, since at last—Oh, killing Joy!——
Come, let me fold you, press you in my arms,
And kiss you thanks for this dear happy night.

L. *Gall.* You may spare your thanks, Sir, for those that will deserve 'em; I shall give ye no occasion for 'em. *Wild.*

Wild. Nay, no Scruples now, dearest of dears, no more;
'Tis most unseasonable———
I bring a heart full fraight of eager hopes,
Oppress't with a vast load of longing Love;
Let me unlade me in that soft white Bosom,
That Store-house of rich Joys and lasting Pleasures,
And lay me down as on a Bed of Lillies. (*She breaks from him.*

L. *Gall.* You're wonderous full of Love and Rapture, Sir; but certainly you mistake the person you address'd to.

Wild. Why, are you not my Lady *Galliard*, that very Lady *Galliard*, who, if one may take her word for't, loves *Wilding*? Am I not come hither by your own appointment; and can I have any other business here at this time of night, but Love, and Rapture, and———

L. *Gall.* Scandalous and vain! by my appointment, and for so lewd a purpose! guard me ye good Angels.
If after an Affront so gross as this,
I ever suffer you to see me more,
Then think me what your Carriage calls me,
An Impudent an open Prostitute,
Lost to all sense of Vertue or of Honour.

Wild. What can this mean? [*Aside.*
Oh, now I understand the Mystery. (*Looking on* Closet.
Her Woman's here, that troublesome piece of Train.
—I must remove her. Hark ye, Mrs. *Closet*, I had forgot to tell you; As I came up I heard a Kinsman of yours very earnest with the Servants below, and in grear haste to speak with you.

Clos. A Kinsman! that's very likely indeed, and at this time of night.

Wild. Yes, a very neer Kinsman, he said he was your Fathers own Mothers Uncles Sisters Son; what d'ye call him?

Clos. Ay, what d'ye call him indeed; I shou'd be glad to hear his name. Alas, Sir, I have no neer Relation living that I know of, the more's my misfortune, poor helpless Orphan that I am. (*Weeps.*

Wild. Nay, but Mrs. *Closet*, pray take me right,
This Country-man of yours, as I was saying———

L. *Gall.* Chang'd already from a Kinsman to a Country-man! A plain contrivance to get my Woman out of the Room. *Closet*, as you value my Service, stir not from hence.

Wild. This Country-man of yours, I say, being left Executor by your Fathers last Will and Testament, is come—Dull Waiting-woman, I wou'd be alone with your Lady; know your Que, and retire.

Clos. How, Sir!

Wild. Learn, I say, to understand Reason when you hear it. Leave us a while; Love is not a Game for three to play at. (*Gives her Money.*

Clos. I must own to all the world, you have convinc'd me; I ask a thousand Pardons for my dulness. Well, I'll be gone, I'll run; you're a most powerful person, the very Spirit of Perswasion—I'll steal out—You have such a taking way with you.

But

But I forgot my self. Well, your most obedient Servant: Whenever you've occasion, Sir, be pleas'd to use me freely.

Wild. Nay, dear Impertinent, no more Complements, you see I'm busie now; prithee be gone, you see I'm busie.

Clos. I'm all Obedience to you, Sir——
Your most obedient——

L. *Gall.* Whither are you fisking and gigiting now?

Clos. Madam, I am going down, and will return immediately, immediately.
(*Exit* Clos.

Wild. So, she's gone; Heaven and broad Gold be prais'd for the deliverance: And now, dear Widow, let's lose no more precious time; we've fool'd away too much already. L. *Gall.* This to me?

Wild. To you, yes, to whom else shou'd it be? unless being sensible you have not discretion enough to manage your own affairs your self, you resolve, like other Widows, with all you're worth to buy a Governour, commonly call'd a Husband. I took ye to be wiser; but if that be your design, I shall do my best to serve you,—tho' to deal freely with you ———

L. *Gall.* Trouble not your self, Sir, to make Excuses; I'm not so fond of the offer to take you at your word. Marry you! a Rakeshame, who have not esteem enough for the Sex to believe your own Mother honest—without Money or Credit, without Land either in present or prospect; and half a dozen hungry Vices, like so many bawling Brats at your back, perpetually craving, and more chargeable to keep than twice the number of Children. Besides, I think you are provided for; are you not married to Mrs. *Charlot Gettall*?

Wild. Married to her? do I know her, you shou'd rather ask. What Fool has forg'd this unlikely Lye? But suppose 'twere true, cou'd you be jealous of a woman I marry? do you take me for such an Ass, to suspect I shall love my own Wife? On the other side, I have a great charge of Vices, as you well observe, and I must not be so barbarous to let them starve. Every body in this Age takes care to provide for their Vices, tho' they send their Children a begging; I shou'd be worse than an Infidel to neglect them. No, I must marry some stiff aukward thing or other with an ugly face and a handsome Estate, that's certain: but whoever is ordain'd to make my Fortune, 'tis you only that can make me happy.—Come, do it then.

L. *Gall.* I never will.

Wild. Unkindly said, you must.

L. *Gall.* Unreasonable man! because you see
I have unusual regards for you,
Pleasure to hear, and trouble to deny you;
A fatal yielding in my nature toward you,
Love bends my Soul that way. ———
A weakness I ne'er felt in any other;
And wou'd you be so base? and cou'd you have the heart
To take th' advantage on't to ruine me,
To make me infamous, despis'd, loath'd, pointed at?

Wild. You reason false
According to the strictest rules of Honour,

Beauty

Beauty shou'd still be the Reward of Love,
Not the vile Merchandize of Fortune,
Or the cheap Drug of a Church-Ceremony.
She's only infamous, who to her Bed,
For interest takes some nauseous Clown she hates:
And though a Joynture or a Vow in publick
Be her price, that makes her but the dearer whore.

L. *Gall.* I understand not these new Morals.

Wild. Have patience, I say 'tis clear.
All the desires of mutual Love are vertuous,
Can Heaven or Man be angry that you please
Your self and me, when it does wrong to none?
Why rave you then on things that ne'er can be?
Besides, are we not alone, and private? who can know it?

L. *Gall.* Heaven will know't; and I—that, that's enough:
But when you're weary of me, first your Friend, then his, then all the world.

Wild. Think not that time will ever come.

L. *Gall.* Oh, it must, it will!

Wild. Or if it shou'd, cou'd I be such a Villain ——
Ah Cruel! if you love me as you say,
You wou'd not thus distrust me.

L. *Gall.* You do me wrong, I love you more than e'er my Tongue,
Or all the actions of Life can tell you —— so well ——
Your very faults, how gross soe'er to me
Have something pleasing in 'em. To me you're all
That Man can praise, or Woman can desire;
All Charm without, and all Desert within:
But yet my Vertue is more lovely still;
That is a price too high to pay for you:
The love of Angels may be bought too dear,
If we bestow on them what's kept for Heaven.

Wild. Hell and the Devil! I'll hear no more
Of this Religious stuff, this Godly nonsence.
Death, Madam, do you bring me into your Chamber to preach Vertue to me?

L. *Gall.* I bring you hither! how can you say it?
I suffer'd you indeed to come, but not
For the base end you fansi'd, but to take
A last leave of you. Let my heart break with Love,
I cannot be that wretched thing you'd have me:
Believe I still shall have a kindness for you,
Always your Friend, your Mistress now no more.

Wild. Cozen'd, abus'd, she loves some other Man! (*Aside.*
Dull Blockhead not to find it out before!
—— Well, Madam, may I at last believe
This is your fixt and finnal Resolution;
And does your Tongue now truly speak your Heart,
That has so long bely'd it?

L. *Gall.*

L. *Gall.* It does.

Wild. I'm glad on't. Good night: And when I visit you again,
May you again thus fool me. (*Offers to go.*

L. *Gall.* Stay but a moment.

Wild. For what? to praise your Night-dress, or make court to your little Dog? No, no, Madam, send for Mr. *Flamfull* and Mr. *Flutterbuz*, Mr. *Lapp-fool* and Mr. *Love-all*; they'll do it better, and are more at leisure.

L. *Gall.* Hear me a little: You know I both despise, and hate those civil Coxcombs, as much as I esteem and love you. But why will you be gone so soon? and why are you so cruel to urge me thus to part either with your good Opinion or your Kindness? I wou'd fain keep 'em both. [*In a soft tone.*

Wild. Then keep your word, Madam.

L. *Gall.* My word! And have I promis'd then to be
A Whore? A Whore! Oh let me think of that!
A man's Convenience, his leisure hours, his Bed of ease,
To loll and tumble on at idle times;
The Slave the Hackney of his lawless Lust!
A loath'd Extinguisher of filthy flames,
Made use of, and thrown by. —— Oh infamous!

Wild. Come, come, you love me not, I see it plain;
That makes your scruples: that, that's the reason
You start at words, and run away from shadows.
Already some pert Fop, some Ribon-fool,
Some dancing Coxcomb, has supplanted me
In that unsteady treacherous woman's heart of yours.

L. *Gall.* Believe it if you will. Yes, let me be false, unjust, ungrateful, any thing but a—Whore— *Wild.* Oh, Sex on purpose form'd to plague Mankind!
All that you are, and all that you do, 's a lye.
False are your Faces, false your floating hearts;
False are your Quarrels, false your Reconcilements:
Enemies without Reason, and Dear without Kindness.
Your Friendship's false, but much more false your Love;
Your damn'd deceitful Love is all o'er false.

L. *Gall.* False rather are the Joys you are so fond of.
Be wise, and cease, Sir, to pursue 'em farther.

Wild. No, them I can never quit; but you most easily:
A woman changeable, and false as you.

L. *Gall.* Said you most easily? Oh, inhumane!
Your cruel words have wak'd a dismal thought;
I feel 'em cold and heavy at my heart,
And weakness steals upon my Soul apace;
I find I must be miserable——
I wou'd not be thought false. [*In a soft tone, coming near him.*

Wild. Nor wou'd I think you so; give me not cause.

L. *Gall.* What heart can bear distrust from what it loves?
Or who can always her own wish deny? (*Aside.*
My Reason's weary of unequal strife;

And Love and Nature will at last o'ercome.
—Do you not then believe I love you? (*To him in a soft tone.*

Wild. How can I, while you still remain unkind!

L. *Gall.* How shall I speak my guilty thoughts?—
I have not power to part with you: conceal my shame I doubt I cannot, I fear I wou'd not any more deny you.

Wild. Oh, heavenly sound! Oh, charming Creature! speak that word again, agen, agen! for ever let me hear it.

L. *Gall.* But did you not indeed? and will you never, never love Mrs. *Charlot*, never?

Wild. Never, never.

L. *Gall.* Turn your face away, and give me leave
To hide my rising Blushes: I cannot look on you,
But you must undo me if you will.—
Since I no other way my truth can prove,
—You shall see I love.
Pity my Weakness, and admire my Love.

[*As this last speech is speaking she sinks into his arms by degrees.*

Wild. All Heaven is mine, I have it in my arms:
Nor can ill Fortune reach me any more.
Fate, I defie thee, and dull World, adieu.
In Loves kind Fever let me ever lye,
Drunk with desire, and raving mad with Joy.

[*Exeunt into the Bed-Chamber*, Wild. *leading her with his arms about her.*

Enter Sir Charles Meriwill *and Sir* Antyony, *Sir* Char. *drunk.*

SCENE changes.

Sir Anth. A Dog, a Rogue, to leave her!

Sir Char. Why look ye, Uncle, what wou'd you have a man do?
I brought her to her Coach ——

Sir Anth. To her Coach! to her Coach! Did not I put her into your hand, follow'd you out, winkt, smil'd, and nodded; cry'd 'buy *Charles*, 'buy Rogue; which was as much as to say, Go home with her *Charles*, home to her Chamber, *Charles*; nay, as much as to say, Home to her Bed, *Charles*; nay, as much as to say——Hum, hum, a Rogue, a Dog, and yet to be modest too! That I shou'd bring thee up with no more fear of God before my Eyes!

Sir Char. Nay, dear Uncle, don't break my heart now! Why I did proffer, and press, and swear, and ly'd, and—but a Pox on her, she has the damndest wheedling way with her, as dear *Charles*, nay prithee, fie, 'tis late, to morrow, my Honour, which if you lov'd, you wou'd preserve; and such obliging Reasons.

Sir Anth. Reasons! Reason! a Lover, and talk of Reason! You lye, Sirrah, you lye. Leave a woman for reason, when you were so finely drunk too, a Rascal!

Sir Char. Why look ye, d'ye see, Uncle, I durst not trust my self alone with her in this pickle, lest I shou'd a fallen foul on her.

Sir Anth. Why there's it; 'tis that you shou'd adone: I am mistaken if she be not one of those Ladies that love to be ravisht of a kindness. Why, your willing Rape is all the fashion, *Charles*.

Sir Char. But hark ye, Uncle.

Sir Anth. Why how now, Jack-sawce, what, capitulate? Sir

Sir Char. Why do but hear me, Uncle: Lord, you're ſo haſty! Why look ye, I am as ready, d'ye ſee, as any man on theſe occaſions.

Sir Anth. Are you ſo, Sir? and I'll make you willing, or try Toledo with you, Sir,—Whe, what, I ſhall have ye whining when ye are ſober again, traverſing your Chamber with Arms acroſs, railing on Love and Women, and at laſt defeated, turn whipping *Tom*, to revenge your ſelf on the whole Sex.

Sir Char. My dear Uncle, come kiſs me and be friends; I will be rul'd. [*kiſſes him.*

Sir Anth. —A moſt admirable good-natur'd Boy this! [*aſid.*] Well then, dear *Charles*, know, I have brought thee now hither to the Widows houſe with a reſolution to have thee order matters ſo, as before thou quits her, ſhe ſhall be thy own, Boy,

Sir Char. Gad, Uncle, thou'rt a Cherubin! Introduce me, d'ye ſee, and if I do not ſo woo the Widow, and ſo do the Widow, that ere morning ſhe ſhall be content to take me for better for worſe.—Renounce me! Egad, I'll make her know the Lord God from *Tom Bell*, before I have done with her. Nay, backt by my noble Uncle, I'll venture on her, had ſhe all *Cupid*'s Arrows, *Venus*'s Beauty, and *Maſalina*'s Fire, d'ye ſee.

Sir Anth. A ſweet Boy, a very ſweet Boy! Hum, thou art damnable handſome to night, *Charles*.—Ay, thou wilt do't; I ſee a kind of reſiſtleſs Lewdneſs about thee, a moſt triumphant Impudence, looſe and wonton. [*Stands looking on him.*

Enter Cloſet.

Cloſ. Heavens, Gentlemen, what makes you here at this time of night?

Sir Char. Where's your Lady?

Cloſ. Softly, dear Sir.

Sir Char. Why is ſhe aſleep? Come, come, I'll wake her.

(*Offers to force in as to the Bed-Chamber.*

Cloſ Hold, hold, Sir: No, no, ſhe's a little buſie, Sir.

Sir Char. I'll have no buſineſs done to night, Sweetheart.

Cloſ. Hold, hold, I beſeech you, Sir, her Mother's with her: For Heavens ſake, Sir, be gone.

Sir Char. I'll not budge.

Sir Anth. No not a foot.

Cloſ. The City you know, Sir, is ſo ſenſorious——

Sir Char. Damn the City.

Sir Anth. All the Whigs, *Charles*, all the Whigs.

Sir Char. In ſhort, I am reſolv'dd, d'ye ſee, to go to the Widows Chamber.

Sir Anth. Hark ye, Mrs. *Cloſet*, I thought I had entirely engag'd you this evening.

Cloſ. I am perfectly yours, Sir; but now it happens ſo, her Mother being there—Yet if you wou'd withdraw for half an hour, into my Chamber, till ſhe were gone——

Sir Anth. This is Reaſon, *Charles*. Here, here's two Pieces to buy thee a Gorget.

(*Gives her Money.*

Sir Char. And here's my two, becauſe thou art induſtrious.

(*Gives her Money, and goes out with her.*

Enter Lady Galliard *in rage, held by* Wilding.

L. *Gall.* What have I done? Ah whither ſhall I flie? (*Weeps.*
Wild. Why all theſe Tears? Ah, why this cruel Paſſion?
L. *Gall.* Undone, undone! Unhand me, falſe, forſworn;
Be gone, and let me rage till I am dead.
What ſhou'd I do with guilty Life about me?
Wild. Why, where's the harm of what we two have done?
L. *Gall.* Ah, leave me ——
Leave me alone to ſigh to flying winds,
That the infection may be born aloft,
And reach no humane Ear.
Wild. Ceaſe, lovely Charmer, ceaſe to wound me more.
L. *Gall.* Shall I ſurvive this ſhame! No, if I do,
Eternal Bluſhes dwell upon my Cheeks,
To tell the World my Crime.
—Miſchief and Hell, what Devil did poſſeſs me?
Wild. It was no Devil, but a Deity;
A little gay-wing'd God, harmleſs and innocent,
Young as Deſire, wanton as Summer-breezes,
Soft as thy Smiles, reſiſtleſs as thy Eyes.
L. *Gall.* Ah, what malicious God,
Sworn Enemy to feeble Womankind,
Taught thee the Art of Conqueſt with thy Tongue?
Thy falſe deluding Eyes were ſurely made
Of Stars that rule our Sexes deſtiny:
And all thy Charms were by Inchantment wrought,
That firſt undo the heedleſs Gazers on,
Then ſhew their natural deformity.
Wild. Ah, my *Galliard*, am I grown ugly then?
Has my increaſe of paſſion leſſen'd yours? [*In a ſoft tone.*
L. *Gall.* Peace tempter, Peace, who artfully betrayeſt me,
And then upbraideſt the wretchedneſs thou'ſt made.
—Ah, Fool, eternal Fool! to know my danger,
Yet venture on ſo evident a ruine.
Wild. Say,—what one Grace is faded!
Is not thy Face as fair, thy Eyes as killing?
By Heaven, much more: This charming change of Looks,
Raiſes my flame, and makes me wiſh t'invoke
The harmleſs God again. [*Embraces her.*
L. *Gall.* By Heaven, not all thy Art
Shall draw me to the tempting ſin again.
Wild. Oh, I muſt, or dye.
L. *Gall.* By all the Powers, by:——
Wild. Oh, do not ſwear, leſt Love ſhou'd take it ill
That Honour ſhou'd pretend to give him Laws,
And make an Oath more powerful than his Godhead.

—Say

—Say that you will half a long hour hence———

L. *Gall.* Hah?

Wild. Or ſay a tedious hour.

L. *Gall.* Death, never———

Wild. Or if you muſt—promiſe me then to morrow.

L. *Gall.* No, hear my Vows.

Wild. Hold, ſe me die; if you reſolve 'em fatal to my love, by Heaven I'll do't.
(*Lays his hand on his Sword.*

L. *Gall.* Ah, what———

Wild. Revoke that fatal Never then.

L. *Gall.* I dare not.

Wild. Oh, ſay you will.

L. *Gall.* Alas, I dare not utter it.

Wild. Let's in, and thou ſhalt whiſper it into my boſom;
Or ſighing, look it to me with thy Eyes.

L. *Gall.* Ah, *Wilding*——— [*Sighs.*

Wild. It toucht my Soul! Repeat that ſigh again.

L. *Gall.* Ah, I confeſs I am but feeble woman. [*Leans on him.*

Sir Char. Good Miſtreſs keep-door, ſtand by: for I muſt enter. [Sir *Char. without.*

L. *Gall.* Hah, young *Meriwill*'s voice!

Cloſ. Pray, Sir *Charles* let me go and give my Lady notice.
[*She enters and goes to* Wild.

—For Heavens ſake, Sir, withdraw, or my Lady's Honour's loſt.

Wild. What will you have me do? [*To* Galliard.

L. *Gall.* Begone or you will ruine me for ever. [*In diſorder.*

Wild. Nay, then I will obey.

L. *Gall.* Here, down the back-ſtairs———
As you have honour, go and cheriſh mine. [*Pulling him.*

———He's gone; and now methinks the ſhivering fit of Honour is return'd.

Enter Sir Charles, *rudely puſhing* Cloſet *aſide, with Sir* Anthony.

Sir Char. Deni'd an entrance! nay, then there is a Rival in the caſe, or ſo; and I'm reſolv'd to diſcover the Helliſh Plot, d'ye ſee.
[*Juſt as he enters drunk at one door,* Wild. *returns at the other.*

L. *Gall.* Ha, *Wilding* return'd! Shield me ye Shades of Night.
[*Puts out the Candle, and goes to* Wild.

Wild. The back-ſtairs-door is lockt.

L. *Gall.* Oh, I am loſt! curſe on this fatal night!
Art thou reſolv'd on my undoing every way?

Cloſ. Nay, now we're by dark, let me alone to guide you, Sir. (*To* Wild.

Sir Char. What, what, all in darkneſs? Do you make Love like Cats, by Starlight?
(*Reeling about.*

L. *Gall.* Ah, he knows he's here!—Oh, what a pain is Guilt! [*Aſide.*

Wild. I wou'd not be ſurpriz'd.

[*As* Cloſet *takes him to lead him out he takes out his Sword, and by dark, puſhes by Sir* Charles, *and almoſt overthrows Sir* Anthony, *at which they both draw, whilſt he goes out with* Cloſet.

Sir

Sir Char. Hah, Gad 'was a Spark!—What, vaniſht! hah—

Sir Anth. Nay, nay, Sir, I am for ye.

Sir Char. Are you ſo, Sir, and I am for the Widow, Sir, and—

[*Juſt as they are paſſing at each other,* Cloſet *enters with a Candle.*

—Hah, why what have we here,—my none fleſh and blood? [*Embracing his Uncle.*

Sir Anth. Cry mercy, Sir! Pray how fell we out?

Sir Char. Out, Sir! Prithee where's my Rival? where's the Spark, the—Gad, I took thee for an errant Rival: Where, where is he? [*Searching about.*

L. *Gall.* Whom ſeek ye, Sir, a man, and in my Lodgings. (*Angrily.*

Cloſ. A Man! Merciful, what will this ſcandalous lying World come to? Here's no man.

Sir Char. Away, I ſay, thou damn'd Domeſtick Intelligence, that comeſt out every half hour with ſome freſh Sham.---No man!---What, 'twas an appointment only, hum,—which I ſhall now make bold to unappoint, render null, void, and of none effect. And if I find him here (*ſearches about*) I ſhall very civily and accidentally, as it were, being in perfect friendſhip with him—pray mark that---run him thro' the Lungs.

L. *Gall.* Oh, what a Coward's guilt! what mean you, Sir?

Sir Char. Mean! why I am obſtinately bent to raviſh thee, thou hypocritical Widow, make thee mine by force, that ſo I may have no obligation to thee, and conſequnetly uſe thee ſcurvily with a good Conſcience.

Sir Anth. A moſt delicate Boy! I'll warrant him as lewd as the beſt of 'em, God grant him life and health. [*Aſide.*

L. *Gall.* 'Tis late, and I entreat your abſence, Sir: Theſe are my hours of prayer, which this unſeaſonable viſit has diſturb'd.

Sir Char. Prayer! no more of that Sweetheart: for let me tell you, your Prayers are heard. A Widow of your Youth and Complexion can be praying for nothing ſo late, but a good Husband; and ſee, Heaven has ſent him juſt in the crit—critical minute, to ſupply your occaſions.

Sir Anth. A Wag, an arch Wag; he'll learn to make Lampoons preſently. I'll not give ſixpence from him tho' to the poor of the Pariſh.

Sir Char. Come, Widow, let's to bed. [*Pulls her, ſhe is angry.*

L. *Gall.* Hold, Sir, you drive the Jeſt too far;
And I am in no humour now for mirth.

Sir Char. Jeſt: Gad ye lye, I was never in more earneſt in all my life.

Sir Anth. He's in a heavenly humour, thanks to good Wine, good Counſel, and good Company. (*Getting nearer the door ſtill.*

L. *Gall.* What mean you, Sir? what can my Woman think to ſee me treated thus?

Sir Char. Well thought on! Nay, we'll do things decently, d'ye ſee—Therefore, thou ſometimes neceſſary Utenſil, withdraw. (*Gives her to Sir* Anth.

Sir Anth. Ay, ay, let me alone to teach her her duty. (*Puſhes her out, and goes out.*

L. *Gall.* Stay, *Cloſet*, I command ye.
—What have you ſeen in me ſhou'd move you to this rudeneſs? [*To Sir* Char.

Sir Char. No frowning; for by this dear night, 'tis charity, care of your Reputation, Widow: and therefore I am reſolv'd no body ſhall lie with you but my ſelf.

You

You have dangerous Wasps buzzing about your Hive, Widow—mark that—(*flings from him.*) Nay, no parting but upon terms, which in short, d'ye see, are these: Down on your knees, and swear me heartily as Gad shall judge your Soul, d'ye see, to marry me to morrow.

L. *Gall.* To morrow! Oh, I have urgent business then.

Sir Char. So have I. Nay Gad, an you be for the neareſt way to wood, the ſober diſcreet way of loving, I am ſorry for you, look ye. (*He begins to undreſs.*

L. *Gall.* Hold, Sir, what mean you?

Sir Char. Only to go to bed that's all. (*Still undreſſing*

L. *Gall.* Hold, hold, or I'll call out.

Sir Char. Ay do, call up a Jury of your Female Neighbours; they'll be for me, d'ye ſee, bring in the Bill *Ignoramus*, tho' I am no very true blue Proteſtant neither: Therefore diſpatch, or ——

L. *Gall.* Hold, are you mad? I cannot promiſe you to night.

Sir Char. Well, well, I'll be content with performance then to night, and truſt you for your promiſe till to morrow.

Sir Anth. (*peeping*) Ah, Rogue! By *George*, he out-does my expectation of him.

L. *Gall.* What Impoſition's this! I'll call for help.

Sir Char. You need not, you'll do my buſineſs better alone. (*Pulls her.*

L. *Gall.* What ſhall I do! how ſhall I ſend him hence! (*Aſide.*

Sir Anth. He ſhall ne'er drink ſmall Beer more, that's poſitive: I'll burn all's Books too, they have helpt to ſpoil him; and ſick or well, ſound or unfound, Drinking ſhall be his Diet, and Whoring his Study. (*Aſide. Peeping unſeen.*

Sir Char. Come, come, no pauſing; your promiſe, or I'll to bed,

(*Offers to pull of his Breeches, having pull'd off almoſt all the reſt of his Cloathes.*

L. *Gall.* What ſhall I do, here is no Witneſs neer! And to be rid of him, I'll promiſe him: he'll have forgot it in his ſober paſſion. [*Aſide.*

(*He fumbling to undo his Breeches.*

Hold, I do ſwear I will——

Sir Char. What?

L. *Gall.* Marry you.

Sir Char. When?

L. *Gall.* Nay, that's too much—Hold, hold, I will to morrow.
—Now you are ſatisfi'd, you will withdraw?

Enter Sir Anth. *and* Cloſet.

Sir Anth. Charles, Joy, *Charles*, give ye Joy: here's too ſubſtantial Witneſſes.

Cloſ. I deny it, Sir; I heard no ſuch thing.

Sir Anth. What, what, Mrs. *Cloſet*, a Waiting-woman of honour and flinch from her Evidence! Gad, I'll damn thy Soul, if thou deareſt ſwear what thou ſayeſt.

L. *Gall.* How, upon the catch, Sir! am I betray'd?
Baſe and unkind, is this your humble Love!
Is all your whining come to this, falſe man! By Heaven, I'll be reveng'd.

(*She goes out in rage, with* Cloſet.

Sir Char. Nay, Gad you're caught, ſtruggle and flounder as you pleaſe, Sweetheart, you'll but intangle more; let me alone to tickle your Gills, I'faith. (*Looking after her.*

—Uncle,

—Uncle, get ye home about your business; I hope you'll give me the Good morrow, as becomes me. —I say no more —— A word to the Wise ——

Sir Anth. By *George*, thou'rt a brave fellow; why I did not think it had been in thee, man. Well, adieu: I'll give thee such a Good morrow, *Charles*—the Devil's in him!—Buy, *Charles*—a plaguy Rogue!—Night, Boy—a Divine Youth!

[*Going and returning, as not able to leave him. Exit.*

Sir Char. Gad, I'll not leave her now, till she is mine;
Then keep her so by constant consummation.
Let Man a God do his, I'll do my part,
In spight of all her fickleness and art;
There's one sure way to fix a Widows heart.

ACT the Fifth.

SCENE the First. *Sir* Timothy's *House.*

Enter Dresswell, Fopington, *and five or six more disguised with Vizards, and dark Lanthorns.*

Fop. NOt yet! a Plague of this damn'd Widow: The Devil ow'd him an unlucky Cast, and has thrown it him to night.

Enter Wild. *in Rapture and Joy.*

——Hah, dear *Tom*, art thou come?

Wild. I saw how at her length she lay!
I saw her rising Bosom bare!

Fop. A Pox of her rising Bosom: My dear, let's dress and about our business.

Wild. Her loose thin Robes, through which appear
A Shape design'd for Love and Play!

Dress. 'Sheart, Sir, is this a time for Rapture? 'tis almost day.

Wild. Ah, *Frank*, such a dear night!

Dress. A Pox of nights, Sir, think of this and the day to come; which I perceive you were too well emply'd to remember.

Wild. The day to come!
Death, who cou'd be so dull in such dear Joys,
To think of time to come, or ought beyond 'em!
And had I not been interrupted by *Charles Meriwill*, who getting drunk had courage enough to venture on an untimely visit, I'd had no more power of returning, than committing Treason: But that Conjugal Lover, who will needs be my Cuckold, made me then give him way, that he might give it me another time, and so unseen I got off, But come—my disguise. [*Dresses.*

Dress. All's still and hush, as if Nature meant to favour our our design.

Wild.

Wild. 'Tis well: And hark ye, my Friends, I'll proscribe you no bounds, or moderation: for I have considered if we modestly take nothing but the Writings, 'twill be easie to suspect the Thief.

Fop. Right; and since 'tis for securing our Necks, 'tis lawful prise. —— Sirrah, leave the Portmantua here. (*Exeunt as into the house.*

After a small time,

Enter Jervice *undrest, crying out, pursu'd by some of the Thieves.*

Jer. Murder, Murder! Thieves, Murder!

Enter Wilding *with his Sword drawn.*

Wild. A Plague upon his Throat; set a Gag in's mouth and bind him, tho' he be my Uncle's chief Pimp.—So— (*They bind and gag him.*

Enter Dresswell.

Dress. Well, we have bound all within hearing in their Beds, e're they cou'd alarm their Fellows by crying out.

Wild. 'Tis well: come, follow me, like a kind Midnight-Ghost, I will conduct ye to the rich buried heaps—this door leads to my Uncles Apartment; I know each secret nook contious of Treasure. (*All go in, leaving* Jervice *bound on the Stage.*

Enter Sensure *running half undrest, as from Sir* Timothy's *Chamber, with his Velvet-coat on her shoulders.*

Sen. Help, help! Murder! Murder! (Dress. Laboir, *and others persue her.*

Dress. What have we here, a Female bolted from Mr. Aldermans Bed? (*Holding his Lanthern to her face.*

Sen. Ah mercy, Sir, alas, I am a Virgin.

Dress. A Virgin! Gad and that may be, for any great miracles the old Gentleman can do.

Sen. Do! alas, Sir, I am none of the wicked.

Dress. That's well.—The sanctified Jilt professes Innocence, yet has the Badge of her Occupation about her neck. (*Pulls of the Coat.*

Sen. Ah misfortune, I have mistook his Worships Coat for my Gown. (*A little Book drops out of her Bosom.*

Dress. What have we here? *A Sermon preacht by* Richard Baxter, *Divine.* Gad a mercy, Sweetheart, thou art a hopeful Member of the true Protestant Cause.

Sen. Alack, how the Saints may be scandaliz'd! I went but to tuck his Worship in.

Dress. And comment upon the Text a little, which I suppose may be increase and multiply. —— Here, gag and bind her. (*Exit* Dress.

Sen. Hold, hold, I am with Child!

Lab. Then you'll go neer to miscarry of a Babe of Grace.

Enter Wild. Fop. *and others, leading in Sir* Timothy *in his Night-Gown and Night-Cap.*

Sir Tim. Gentlemen, why Gentlemen, I beseech you use a Conscience in what you do, and have a feeling of what you go about.—Pity my Age.

Wild. Damn'd beggarly Conscience, and needless Pity ——

Sir Tim. Oh fearful!—— But, Gentlemen, what is't you design? is it a general Massacar, pray, or am I the only person aim'd at as a Sacrifice for the Nation? I know, and all the World knows, how many Plots have been laid against my self,

both by men and women, and children, the Diabolical Emiſſaries of the Pope.

Wild. How, Sirrah! *(Fiercely he ſtarts.*

Sir Tim. Nay, Gentlemen, not but I love and honour his Holineſs with all my Soul; and if his Grace did but know what I have done for him, d'ye ſee ——

Fop. You done for the Pope, Sirrah! why what have you done for the Pope?

Sir Tim. Why, Sir, an't like ye, I have done you great ſervice, very great ſervice: for I have been, d'ye ſee, in a ſmall Tryal I had, the cauſe and occaſion of invalidating the Evidence to that degree, that I ſuppoſe no Jury in *Chriſtendom* will ever have the impudence to believe 'em hereafter, ſhou'd they ſwear againſt his Holineſs and all the Conclave of Cardinals.

Wild. And yet you plot on ſtill, cabal, treat, and keep open debauch, for all the Renegado-Tories and old Commonwealths-men to carry on the good Cauſe!

Sir Tim. Alas, what ſignifies that? You know, Gentlemen, that I have ſuch a ſtrange and natural agility in turning—I ſhall whip about yet, and leave 'em all in the lurch.

Wild. 'Tis very likely; but at this time we ſhall not take your word for that.

Sir Tim. Bloody minded men, are you reſolved to Aſſaſſinate me then?

Wild. You trifle, Sir, and know our buſineſs better, than to think we come to take your Life, which wou'd not advantage a Dog, much leſs any Party or Perſon—Come, come, your Keys, your Keys.

Fop. Ay, ay, diſcover, diſcover your Money, Sir, your ready ——

Sir Tim. Money, Sir! good lack is that all. *(Smiling on 'em.*
Why what a Beaſt was I, not knowing of your coming, to put out all my Money laſt week to Alderman Draw-tooth! Alack, alack, what ſhift ſhall I make now to accommodate you?—But if you pleaſe to come again to morrow ——

Fop. A ſhamming Rogue; the right Sneer and Grin of a diſſembling Whig. Come, come, deliver, Sir; we are for no Rhetorick but ready Money.

[Aloud and threatning.

Sir Tim. Hold, I beſeech you, Gentlemen, not ſo loud: for there is a Lord, a moſt conſiderable Perſon and a ſtranger, honours my houſe to night; I wou'd not for the world his Lordſhip ſhou'd be diſturb'd.

Wild. Take no care for him, he's faſt bound and all his Retinue.

Sir Tim. How, bound! my Lord bound, and all his People! Undone, undone, diſgrac'd! What will the *Polanders* ſay, that I ſhou'd expoſe their Embaſſadour to this diſreſpect and affront?

Wild. Bind him, and take away his Keys.

[They bind him hand and foot, and take his Keys out of his Boſom. Exeunt all.

Sir Tim. Ay, ay, what you pleaſe, Gentlemen, ſince my Lord's bound.—Oh, what Recompence can I make for ſo unhoſpitable uſage? I am a moſt unfortunate Magiſtrate! Hah, who's there, *Jervice*? Alas, art thou hear too? What, canſt not ſpeak? But 'tis no matter and I were dumb too: for what Speech or Harangue will ſerve to beg my pardon of my Lord?—And then my Heireſs, *Jervice*, ay, my rich Heireſs, why ſhe'll be raviſht, oh Heavens raviſht! The young Rognes will have no mercy, *Jervice*; nay, perhaps as thou ſayeſt, they'll carry her away.—Oh that thought! Gad I'd rather the City Charter were loſt. *[Enter ſome with bags of Money.*
——Why Gentlemen, rob like Chriſtians, Gentlemen.

Fop.

Fop. What do you mutter, Dog?

Sir Tim. Not in the leaſt, Sir, not in the leaſt; only a Conſcience Sir, in all things does well —— Barbarous Rogues! [*They go out, all again.*] Here's your Arbitrary Power, *Jervice*; here's the rule of the Sword now for you: Theſe are your Tory Rogues, your Tantivie Royſters: but we ſhall cry quits with you, Raſcals, e're long: and if we do come to our old Trade of Plunder and Sequeſtration, we will ſo handle ye — we'll ſpare neither Prince, Peer, nor Prelate. Oh, I long to have a ſlice at your fat Church men, your Crape-Grown-orums.

[*Enter* Wild. *and the reſt, with more Bags.*

Wild. A Prize, a Prize, my Lads in ready Guinea's! Contribution my Beloved.

Dreſſ. Nay, then 'tis lawful Prize, in ſpight of *Ignoramus* and all his tribe. —— What haſt thou here? [*To* Fop. *who enters with a Bag full of Papers.*

Fop. A whole Bag of Knavery, damn'd Sedition, Libels, Treaſon, Succeſſions, Rights and Priviledges, with a new-faſhion'd Oath of Abjuration, call'd the Aſſociation.—Ah, Rogue, what will you ſay when theſe ſhall be made publick?

Sir Tim. Say, Sir? why I'll deny it, Sir: for what Jury will believe ſo wiſe a Magiſtrate as I, cou'd communicate ſuch ſecrets to ſuch as you? I'll ſay you forg'd 'em, and put 'em in,—or print every one of 'em, and own 'em, as long as they were writ and publiſht in *London*, Sir. Come, come, the World is not ſo bad yet, but a man may ſpeak Treaſon within the Walls of *London*, thanks be to God, and honeſt conſcientious Jury-men. And as for the Money, Gentlemen, take notice you rob the Party.

Wild. Come, come, carry off the Booty, and prithee remove that Rubbiſh of the Nation out of the way.—Your Servant, Sir.—So, away with him to *Dreſſwel*'s Lodgings, his Coach is at the door ready to receive it.

[*They carry off Sir* Timothy, *and others take up the Bags, and go out with 'em.*

Dreſſ. Well, you are ſure you have all you came for?

Wild. All's ſafe, my Lads, the Writings all ——

Fop. Come, let's away then.

Wild. Away? what meanſt thou? is there not a Lord to be found bound in his bed, and all his People? Come, come, diſpatch, and each man bind his fellow.

Fop. We had better follow the Baggage, Captain.

Wild. No, we have not done ſo ill, but we dare ſhew our faces. Come, come, to binding.

Fop. And who ſhall bind the laſt man?

Wild. Honeſt *Laboir*, d'ye hear, Sirrah? you got drunk and lay in your Clothes under the Hall-table; d'ye conceive me? Look [illegible] ye Raſcal, and carry things diſcreetly, or you'll all be hang'd, that's certain. [*Exit* Wild. *and* Dreſſ.

Fop. So; now will I i'th' morning to *Charlot*, and give her ſuch a Character of her Lover, as, if ſhe have reſentment, makes her mine. [*Exit* Fop.

Sir Tim. [*calls within.*] Ho, *Jenkin*, *Roger*, *Simon*! where are theſe Rogues? None left alive to come to my aſſiſtance? So ho, ho, ho! Raſcals, Sluggards, Drones! So ho, ho, ho!

Lab. So, now's my Que—and ſtay, I am not yet ſober.

[*Puts himſelf into a drunken poſture.*

Sir Tim. Dogs, Rogues, none hear me! Fire, fire, fire!

Lab. Water, water, I say: for I am damnable dry.

Sir Tim. Hah, who's there?

Lab. What doleful voice is that?

Sir Tim. What art thou, friend or foe? (*In a doleful tone.*

Lab. Very direful — why what the Devil art thou?

Sir Tim. If thou'rt a friend, approach, approach the wretched.

Lab. Wretched! What art thou, Ghost, Hobgobling, or walking Spirit? (*Reeling in with a Lanthorn in's hand.*

Sir Tim. Oh, neither, neither, but meer mortal, Sir *Timothy Treat-all*, robb'd and bound. (*Coming out led by* Lab.

Lab. How, our generous Host?

Sir Tim. How, one of my Lord's Servants! Alas, alas, how cam'st thou to escape?

Lab E'ne by Miracle, Sir, by being drunk and falling asleep under the Hall-table with your Worships Dog *Tory*, till just now a Dream of Small-beer wakt me; and crawling from my Kennel to secure the black Jack, I stumbled upon this Lanthorn, which I took for one, till I found a Candle in't, which helps me to serve your Worship. (*Goes to unbind his hands.*

Sir Tim. Hold, hold, I say; for I scorn to be so uncivil to be unbound before his Lordship: therefore run, Friend, to his Honours Chamber, for he, alas, is confin'd too.

Lab. What, and leave his worthy Friend in distress? by no means, Sir.

Sir Tim. Well then, come, let's to my Lord, whom if I be not asham'd to look in the face, I am an errant Sarazan. (*Exit Sir* Tim. *and* Lab.

SCENE changes to *Wilding*'s Chamber.

He is descover'd sitting in a Chair bound, his Valet bound by him; to them Sir Timothy *and* Laboir.

Wild. Peace, Sirrah, for sure I hear some coming — Villains, Rognes! I care not for my self, but for the good pious Alderman. (*Sir* Tim. *as listening.*

Sir Tim. Wonderful goodness, for me! alas, my Lord, this sight will break my heart. (*Weeps.*

Wild. Sir *Timothy* safe! nay then I do forgive 'em.

Sir Tim. Alas, my Lord, I've heard of your rigid fate,

Wild. It is my custom, Sir, to pray an hour or two in my Chamber, before I go to bed; and having pray'd that drowsie Slave asleep, the Thieves broke in upon us unawares, I having laid my Sword aside.

Sir Tim. Oh, Heavens, at his prayers! damn'd Ruffians, and wou'd they not stay till you had said your prayers?

Wild. By no perswasion. — Can you not guess who they shou'd be, Sir?

Sir Tim. Oh, some damn'd Tory-roy Rogues, you may be sure, to rob a Man at his prayers! Why what will this world come to?

Wild. Let us not talk, Sir, but pursue 'em. (*Offering to go.*

Sir Tim. Pursue 'em? alas, they're past our reach by this time.

Wild. Oh, Sir, they are nearer than you imagine:

Some

Some that know each corner of your houſe, I'll warrant.

Sir Tim. Think ye ſo, my Lord? Ay, this comes of keeping Open Houſe; which makes ſo many ſhut up their doors at dinner-time.

Enter Dreſſwell.

Dreſſ. Good morrow, Gentlemen! what was the Devil broke looſe to night?

Sir Tim. Only ſome of his Imps, Sir, ſawcy Varlets, inſupportable Raſcals—But well, my Lord, now I have ſeen your Lordſhip at liberty, I'll leave you to your reſt, and go ſee what harm this nights work has done.

VVild. I have a little buſineſs, Sir, and will take this time to diſpatch it in; my Servants ſhall go to bed, tho' 'tis already day.—I'll wait on you at dinner.

Sir Tim. Your time: my Houſe and all I have is yours; and ſo I take my leave of your Lordſhip. (*Exit Sir* Tim.

VVild. Now for my angry Maid, the young *Charlot*;
'Twill be a task to ſoften her to peace:
She is all new and gay, young as the Morn,
Bluſhing as tender Roſe-buds on their ſtalks,
Pregnant with ſweets, for the next Sun to raviſh.
—Come, thou ſhalt along with me, I'll truſt thy friendſhip. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to *Diana*'s Chamber.

She is diſcover'd dreſſing, with Betty.

Dian. Methinks I'm up as early as if I had a mind to what I'm going to do, marry this old rich Coxcomb.

Bet. And you do well to loſe no time.

Dian. Ah, *Betty*, and cou'd thy prudence prefer an old Husband, becauſe rich, before ſo young, ſo handſome, and ſo ſoft a Lover as *VVilding*?

Bet. I know not that, Madam; but I verily believe the way to keep your young Lover, is to marry this old one: for what Youth and Beauty cannot purchaſe, Money and Quality may.

Dian. Ay, but to be oblig'd to lie with ſuch a Beaſt; ay, there's the Devil.

Betty. Ah, when I find the difference of their Embraces,
The ſoft dear Arms of *VVilding* round my neck,
From thoſe cold feeble ones of this old Dotard;
When I ſhall meet inſtead of *Tom*'s warm kiſſes,
A hallow pair of thin blue wither'd Lips,
Trembling with Palſie, ſtinking with Diſeaſe,
By Age and Nature baracado'd up
With a kind Noſe and Chin;
With fancy or what thought can make my hours ſupportable?

Bet. What? why ſix thouſand pound a year, Miſtreſs.
He'll quickly die and leave you rich, and then do what you pleaſe.

Dian. Die! no, he's too temperate.—Sure theſe Whigs, *Betty*, believe there's no Heaven, they take ſuch care to live ſo long in this world.—No, he'll out-live me.

(*Sighs.*

Bet. In grace a God he may be hang'd first, Mistress.—Ha, one knocks and I believe 'tis he. [*She goes to open the door.*

Dian. I cannot bring my heart to like this business;
One sight of my dear *Tom* would turn the scale.

Bet. Who's there?

Enter Sir Tim. *joyful*; Dian. *walks away.*

Sir Tim. 'Tis I, impatient I, who with the Sun have welcom'd in the day;
This happy day to be inroll'd
In Rubrick Letters and in Gold.
—Hum, I am profoundly eloquent this morning (*Aside.*
—Fair Excellence, I approach——— [*Going towards her.*

Dian. Like Physick in a morning next one's heart; (*Aside.*
Which, tho' it be necessary, is most filthy loathsome. (*Going from him.*

Sir Tim. What, do you turn away, bright Sun of Beauty?
—Hum, I'm much upon the Suns and Days this Morning. (*Aside.*

Dian. It will not down. [*Turning on him, looks on him, and turns away.*

Sir Tim. Alas, ye Gods, am I despis'd and scorn'd?
Did I for this, ponder upon the Question,
Whether I shou'd be King or Alderman? (*Heroically.*

Dian. If I must marry him, give him patience to endure the Cuckolding, good Heaven. [*Aside.*

Sir Tim. Heaven! did she name Heaven, *Betty*?

Bet. I think she did, Sir.

Sir Tim. I do not like that: What need has she to think of Heaven upon her Wedding-day?

Dian. Marriage, is a sort of hanging, Sir; and I was only making a short Prayer before Execution.

Sir Tim. Oh, is that all? Come, come, we'll let that alone till we're abed, that we have nothing else to do. [*Takes her hand.*

Dian. Not much, I dare swear.

Sir Tim. And let us, Fair one, haste; the Parson stays: besides, that heap of scandal may prevent us,—I mean my Nephew.

Dian. A Pox upon him now for naming *Wilding*. (*Weeps.*

Sir Tim. How, weep at naming my ungracious Nephew? Nay then I am provokt—Look on this Head, this wise and reverend Head; I'd have ye know, it has been taken measure on to fit it to a Crown, d'ye see.

Dian. A Halter rather. (*Aside.*

Sir Tim. Ay, and it fits it too: and am I slighted, I that shall receive *Billet Doux* from *Infantas*? 'tis most uncivil and impolitick.

Dian. I hope he's mad, and then I reign alone. (*Aside.*
Pardon me, Sir, that parting Tear I shed indeed at naming *Wilding*,
Of whom my foolish heart has now tane leave,
And from this moment is intirely yours.

[*Gives him her hand, they go out.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Street.

Enter Charlot, *led by* Fopington, *follow'd by Mrs.* Clacket.

Charl. Stay, my heart misgives me I shall be undone.
—Ah, whither was I going? [*Pulls her hand from* Fop.

Fop. Do, stay till the news arrives that he is married to her that had his company to night, my Lady *Galliard*.

Charl. Oh! Take heed lest you Sin doubly, Sir.

Fop. By Heaven, 'tis true, he past the night with her.

Charl. All night! what cou'd they find to do?

Mrs. *Clack.* A very proper Question: I'll warrant you they were not idle, Madam?

Charl. Oh no; they lookt and lov'd, and vow'd and lov'd, and swore eternal Friendship.—Haste, haste, and lead me to the Church, the Altar; I'll put it past my power to love him more. (*Takes her by the hand.*

Fop. Oh, how you charm me!

Charl. Yet what art thou? a stranger to my heart.
Wherefore, ah why, on what occasion shou'd I?

Mrs. *Clack.* Acquaintance, 'tis enough, I know him, Madam, and I hope my word will be taken for a greater matter i'th' City: In troth you're beholden to the Gentleman for marrying you; your Reputation's gone.

Charl. How, am I not honest then?

Mrs. *Clack.* Marry Heaven forbid! But who that knows you have been a single hour in *Wilding*'s hands, that wou'd not swear you have lost your Maidenhead? And back again I'm sure you dare not go unmarried; that won'd be a fine History to be sung to your eternal fame in a Ballad.

Fop. Right; and you see *Wilding* has left you for the Widow, to whom perhaps you'll shortly hear he's married.

Charl. Oh, you trifle, Sir; lead on.
(*They going out, meet Sir* Anthony *with Musick: they return.*

Sir Anth. Come, come, Gentlemen, this is the House, and this the window belonging to my Ladies Bed-Chamber: Come, come, let's have some neat, soft, brisk, languishing, sprightly Air now. (*Stand by.*

Fop. Old *Meriwill*—how shall I pass by him?

Sir Anth. So, here's Company too; 'tis very well--Not have the Boy? I'll warrant this does the business.--Come, come, screw up your Chitterling. (*They play.*
—Hold, hold a little,—Good morrow, my Lady *Galliard*,
—Give your Ladyship joy.

Charl. What do I hear, my Lady *Galliard* joy'd?

Fop. How, married her already?

Charl. Oh, yes he has. Lovely and false, hast thou deceiv'd my Faith?

Mrs. *Clack.* Oh Heavens, Mr. *Fopington*, she faints—ah me!
(*They hold her, Musick plays.*

Enter

Enter Wilding *and* Dreſſwell *diſguis'd as before.*

Wild. Ah, Muſick at *Galliard*'s door!

Sir Anth. Good morrow, Sir *Charles Meriwill*; give your Worſhip and your fair Lady joy.

Wild. Hah, *Meriwill* married the Widow——

Dreſſ. No matter; prithee advance and mind thy own affairs.

Wild. Advance, and not inquire the meaning on't!
Bid me not eat, when Appetite invites me;
Not draw, when branded with the name of Coward;
Nor love, when Youth and Beauty meets my eyes.——Hah!——
(*Sees Sir* Charles *come into the Balcony undreſt.*

Sir Char. Good morrow, Uncle. Gentlemen I thank ye: Here, drink the Kings Health, with my Royal Maſter's the Duke. (*Gives 'em Money.*

Fid. Heaven bleſs your Honour, and your vertuous Bride.

Fop. Wilding! undone. (*Shelters* Charlot *that ſhe may not ſee* Wilding.

Wild. Death and the Devil, *Meriwill* above?

Sir Anth. Hah, the Boys Rival here! By *George*, here may be breathing this morning—No matter here's two to two; come, Gentlemen, you muſt in.
(*Thruſts the Muſick in, and goes in.*

Dreſſ. Is't not what you expected? nay what you wiſht?

Wild. What then? it comes too ſuddenly upon me——
E're my laſt kiſs was cold upon her lips,
Before the pantings of her Breaſt were laid,
Rais'd by her Joys with me; Oh damn'd deluding Woman!

Dreſſ. Be wiſe, and do not ruin where you love.

Wild. Nay, if thou com'ſt to reaſoning, thou haſt loſt me.
(*Breaks from him, and runs in.*

Charl. I ſay 'twas *Wilding*'s voice, and I will follow it.

Fop. How, Madam, wou'd you after him?

Charl. Nay, force me not: By Heaven I'll cry a Rape,
Unleſs you let me go.—Not after him!
Yes to th' infernal Shades—Unhand me, Sir!

Fop. How, Madam, have you then deſign'd my ruine?

Charl. Oh, truſt me, Sir, I am a Maid of Honour. (*Runs in after* Wild.

Mrs. *Clack.* So; a Murrain of your Projects, we're all undone now: For my part I'll en'e after her, and deny to have any in the buſineſs. (*Goes in.*

Fop. Damn all ill luck, was ever man thus Fortune-bit, that he ſhou'd croſs my hopes juſt in the nick? But ſhall I loſe her thus? No Gad, I'll after her; and come the worſt, I have an Impudence ſhall out-face a *Middleſex* Jury, and out-ſwear a Diſcoverer. (*Goes in.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Chamber.

Enter Lady Galliard *purſued by Sir* Charles, *and Footman.*

L. *Gall.* Sirrah, run to my Lord Mayors and require ſome of his Officers to aſſiſt me inſtantly; and d'ye hear, Raſcal, bar up my doors, and let none of his mad Crew enter. [*To the Footman who is going.*

Sir Char. VVilliam, you may ſtay, *VVilliam.*

L. *Gall.* I ſay, obey me, Sirrah,

Sir Char. Sirrah, I ſay — know your Lord and Maſter.

VVil. I ſhall, Sir. [*Goes out.*

L. *Gall.* Was ever woman teaz'd thus? purſue me not.

Sir Char. You are miſtaken, I'm diſobedient grown,
Since we became one Family; and when I've us'd you thus a week or two, you will grow weary of this peeviſh fooling.

L. *Gall.* Malicious thing I wo'not, I am reſolv'd I'll tire thee out meerly in ſpight to have the better of thee.

Sir Char. Gad I'm as reſolv'd as you, and do your worſt;
For I'm reſolv'd never to quit thy houſe.

L. *Gall.* But Malice, there are Officers, Magiſtrates i th' City, that will not ſee me us'd thus, and will be here anon.

Sir Char. Magiſtrates! why, they ſhall be welcome, if they be honeſt and loyal; if not, they may be hang'd in Heavens good time.

L. *Gall.* Are you reſolv'd to be thus obſtinate?
Fully reſolv'd to make this way your Conqueſt?

Sir Char. Moſt certainly, I'll keep you honeſt to your word, my dear, I've Witneſs—

L. *Gall.* You will?

Sir Char. You'll find it ſo.

L. *Gall.* Then know, if thou dareſt marry me, I will ſo plague thee, be ſo reveng'd for all thoſe tricks thou haſt play'd me—
—Doſt thou not dread the Vengeance Wives can take?

Sir Char. Not at all: I'll truſt thy ſtock of Beauty with thy Wit.

L. *Gall.* Death, I will Cuckold thee.

Sir Char. Why then I ſhall be free o'th' Reverend City.

L. *Gall.* Then I will game without ceſſation, till I've undone thee.

Sir Char. Do, that all the Fops of empty heads and pockets, may know where to be ſure of a Cully; and may they rook ye till ye loſe, and fret, and chafe, and rail thoſe youthful Eyes to ſinking; watch your fair Face to pale and withered leanneſs.

L. *Gall.* Then I will never let thee bed with me, but when I pleaſe.

Sir Char. For that, ſee who'll petition firſt, and then I'll change for new ones every night.

Enter William.

Wil. Madam, here's Mr. *Wilding* at the door, and will not be deni'd seeing you.

L. *Gall.* Hah, *Wilding*! Oh my eternal shame! now thou hast done thy worst.

Sir Char. Now for a struggle 'twixt your Love and Honour.
—Yes, here's the bar to all my happiness,
You won'd be left to the wide World and Love,
To Infamy, to Scandal, and to *Wilding*;
But I have too much Honour in my passion,
To let you loose to ruin: Consider and be wise.

L. *Gall.* Oh, he has toucht my heart too tenderly. (*Aside.*

Sir Anth. (*within.*) As far as good manners goes I'm yours;
But when you press indecently to the Ladies Chambers, civil
Questions ought to be ask't, I take it, Sir.

L. *Gall.* To find him here, will make him mad with Jealousie, and in the fit he'll utter all he knows; Oh, Guilt, what art thou? [*Aside.*

Enter Sir Anth. Wild. *and* Dreff.

Dreff. Prithee, dear *Wilding* moderate thy passion.

Wild. By Heaven, I will; he shall not have the pleasure to see I am concern'd:
—Morrow, Widow; you are early up, you mean to thrive I see, you're like a Mill that grinds with every Wind.

Sir Char. Hah, *Wilding*, this that past last night at Sir *Timothy*'s for a man of Quality? Oh, give him way, *Wilding*'s my Friend, my dear, and now I'm sure I have the advantage of him in thy Love. I can forgive a hasty word or two.

Wild. I thank thee, *Charles*—What you are married then?

L. *Gall.* I hope you've no exception to my choice. [*Scornfully.*

Wild. False Woman, dost thou glory in thy perfidy? [*To her aside angrily.*
—Yes, Faith, I've many exceptions to him ——— [*Aloud.*
Had you lov'd me, you pitcht upon a Blockhead,
Some spruce gay fool of Fortune and no more,
Who would have taken so much care of his own ill-favour'd
Person, he shou'd have had no time to have minded yours,
But left it to the care of some longing Lover.

L. *Gall.* Death, he will tell him all! (*aside.*) Oh, you are merry, Sir.

Wild. No, but thou art wondrous false,
False as the Love and Joys you feign'd last night. [*In a soft tone aside to her.*

L. *Gall.* Oh, Sir, be tender of those treacherous minutes. [*Softly to him.*
—If this be all you have to say to me— [*Walking away, and speaking loud.*

Wild. Faith, Madam, you have us'd me scurvily,
To marry, and not give me notice. [*Aloud.*
—Curse on thee, did I only blow the fire
To warm another Lover? [*To her softly aside.*

L. *Gall.* Perjur'd—was't not by your advice I married?
—Oh where was then your Love? [*Softly to him again.*

Wild. So soon did I advise,
Didst thou invite me to the Feast of Love,
To snatch away my Joys as soon as tasted;

Ah,

Ah, where was then your Modesty and fence of Honour? (*Aside to him in a low tone.*

L. Gall. Ay, where indeed, when you so quickly vanquisht? (*Soft.*

— But you I find are come prepared to rail. (*Aloud.*

Wild. No, 'twas with thee to make my last effort against your scorn.

(*Shews her the Writings.*

And this I hop'd, when all my Vows and Love,
When all my languishments cou'd nought avail,
Had made ye mine for ever. (*Aloud.*

Enter Sir Anthony, *pulling in Sir* Timothy *and* Diana.

Sir Anth. 'Morrow, *Charles*, 'Morrow to your Ladyship: *Charles*, bid Sir *Timothy* welcome; I met him luckily at the door, and am resolv'd none of my Friends shall pass this Joyful day without giving thee Joy, *Charles*, and drinking my Ladies Health.

Wild. Hah, my Uncle here so early? (*Aside.*

Sir Tim. What has your Ladyship serv'd me so? How finely I had been mumpt now, if I had not took heart of grace and shew'd your Ladyship trick for trick: for I have been this morning about some such business of Life too, Gentlemen; I am married to this fair Lady, the Daughter and Heiress of Sir *Nicholas Gettall*, Knight and Alderman.

Wild. Hah, married to *Diana!*
How fickle is the faith of common women? (*Aside.*

Sir Tim. Hum, who's here, my Lord? What, I see your Lordship has found the way already to the fair Ladies; but I hope your Lordship will do my Wedding-dinner the honour to grace it with your presence.

Wild. I shall not fail, Sir.
A Pox upon him he'll discover all. (*Aside.*

L. Gall. I must own, Sir *Timothy*, you have the better choice.

Sir Tim. I cou'd not help my destiny; Marriages are made in Heaven, you know.

Enter Charlot *weeping, and* Cracket.

Charl. Stand off, and let me loose as are my Griefs, which can no more be bounded: Oh let me face the perjur'd, false, forsworn!

L. Gall. Fair Creature, who is't that you seek with so much sorrow?

Charl. Thou, thou fatally fair Inchantress. (*Weeps.*

Wild. Charlot! Nay then I am discover'd.

L. Gall. Alas, what wou'dst thou?

Charl. That which I cannot have, thy faithless Husband.
Be judge, ye everlasting Powers of Love,
Whether he more belongs to her or me.

Sir Anth. How, my Nephew claim'd? Why how now, Sirrah, have you been dabbling here?

Sir Char. By Heaven, I know her not.—Hark ye, Widow, this is some trick of yours, and 'twas well laid: and Gad, she's so pretty, I cou'd find in my heart to take her at her word.

L. Gall. Vile man, this will not pass your falsehood off.
Sure 'tis some Art to make me jealous of him,
To find how much I value him.

Sir Char. How, Mrs. Sly Ladyship! Is this your way of disposing an old Gull of Mistress?

Sir Tim. How, have I married a Scrumpet then?

Diana. You give your Nephews Mistress, Sir, too coarse a name: 'Tis true, I lov'd him, only him, and was true to him.

Sir Tim. Undone, undone! I shall ne'r make *Guildhall* speech more; but he shall hang for't, if there be ere a Witness to be had between this and *Salamanca*, for Money.

Wild. Do your worst, Sir; Witnesses are out of fashion now, Sir, thanks to your *Ignoramus* Juries.

Sir Tim. Then I'm resolv'd to disinherit him.

Wild. See, Sir, that's past your skill too, thanks to my last nights Ingenuity; they're [*Shews him the Writing.*] sign'd, seal'd, and deliver'd in the presence of, &c.

Sir Tim. Bear Witness, 'twas he that rob'd me last night.

Sir Anth. We bear Witness, Sir, we know of no such matter we. I thank you for that, Sir, wou'd you make Witnesses of Gentlemen?

Sir Tim. No matter for that, I'll have him hang'd, nay drawn and quarter'd.

Wild. What, for obeying your Commands, and living on my Wits?

Sir Anth. Nay, then 'tis a clear case you can neither hang him nor blame him.

Wild. I'll propose fairly now, if you'll be generous and pardon all: I'll render your Estate back during Life, and put the Writings in Sir *Anthony Meriwil*'s and Sir *Charles* his hands.

I have a Fortune here that will maintain me,
Without so much as wishing for your death.

All. This is but Reason.

Sir Char. With this Proviso, that he makes not use on't to promote any mischief to the King and Government.

All. Good and Just.

Sir Tim. Hum, I'd as good quietly agree to't, as lose my Credit by making a noise.—Well, *Tom*, I pardon all, and will be Friends. [*Gives him his hand.*

Sir Char. See, my dear Creature, even this hard old man is mollify'd at last into good nature; yet you'll still be cruel.

L. Gal. No, your unwearied Love at last has vanquish'd me. Here, Sir, [*To Wild.*] see a Wife can make ye — One last look more, and then —— be gone fond Love.

[*Sighing and looking on* Wilding, *giving Sir Charles her hand.*

Sir Char. Come, Sir, you must receive *Diana* too; she is a cheerful wiry Girl, and handsome, one that will be a Comfort to your Age, and bring no scandal home. Live peacably, and do not trouble your decrepid Age with business of State.

Let all things in their own due order move,
Let *Cæsar* be the Kingdoms care and love:
Let the Hot-headed Mutineers petition,
And meddle in the Rights of Jus[illegible];
But may all honest hearts as one agree,
To bless the King, and Royal *Monmouth*.

THE END.

EPILOGUE,

Written by a Perſon of Quality.

SPOKEN by Mrs. *BOTELER.*

MY Part, I fear, will take with but a few,
A rich young Heireſs to her firſt Love true!
'Tis damn'd unnatural, and paſt enduring,
Againſt the fundamental Laws of Wheeling.
Marrying's the Maſk, which Modeſty aſſures,
Helps to get new, and covers old Amours;
And Husband ſounds ſo dull to a Town-Bride,
Yet now-a-days condemn him e're he's try'd;
E're in his Office he's confirm'd Poſſeſſor,
Like Trincaloes you chuſe him a Succeſſor,
In the gay ſpring of Love, when free from doubts,
With early ſhoots his Velvet Forehead ſprouts.
Like a poor Parſon bound to hard Indentures,
You make him pay his firſt-fruits e're he enters.
But for ſhort Carnivals of ſtoln good Cheer,
You're after forc'd to keep Lent all the Year;
Till brought at laſt to a ſtarving Nuns condition,
You break into our Quarters for Proviſion:
Invade Fop-corner with your glaring Beauties,
And tice our Loyal Subjects from their Duties.
Prey, Ladies, leave that Province to our care;
A Fool is the Fee-ſimple of a Player,
In which we Women claim a double ſhare.

In

In other things the Men are Rakers made;
But catching Woodcocks is our proper Trade.
If by Stage-Fops they a poor Living get,
We can grow rich, thanks to our Mother Wit,
By the more natural Blockheads in the Pit.
Take then the Wits, and all their useless Prattles;
But as for Fools, they are Goods and Chattels.
Return, Ingrates, to your first Haunt the Stage;
We taught your Youth, and help'd your feeble Age.
What is't you see in Quality we want?
What can they give which we cannot grant?
We have their Pride, their Frolicks, and their Paint.
We feel the same Youth dancing in our Blood;
Our dress as gay——All underneath as good.
Most men have found us hitherto more true,
And, if we're not abus'd by some of you,
We're full as fair——perhaps as wholesome too.
But if at best our hopeful Sport and Trade is,
And nothing now will serve you but great Ladies;
May question'd Marriages your Fortune be,
And Lawyers drain your Pockets more than we:
May Judges puzzle a clear Case with Laws,
And Musquetoon at last decide the Cause.

FINIS.

Books lately Printed for *Richard Wellington*, at the Lute in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard.

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FINIS